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EGYPT.

IN the minds of those unfortunate persons who are troubled with political fidgets Egypt seems for the last week or ten days to have taken the place which was recently occupied either by the complications arising from the Bulgarian difficulty or by the supposed broils of France and Russia. The neutralization rumours which were spread towards the end of last week were regarded, and with reason, as exceedingly doubtful by well-informed politicians. It was, indeed, sufficient for such politicians that the form which these rumours took was remarkably different in different countries, and that there was evidently no disposition in France (where any intention of a real neutralization would have been most eagerly caught at) to believe in anything of the kind. Still more solid reasons for disquietude existed, and have not ceased to exist, in the renewal and aggravation of the vexatious attitude of France herself in regard to Egyptian affairs, and there was and is the undoubted fact that Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF is once more engaged in important negotiations with the Porte. There are some persons, very well affected to the present Government, who have never been able to perceive with great clearness the advantages derived or to be derived from Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF's roving commission between Cairo and Constantinople. It would probably be no very solid satisfaction to such persons to point out to them that his presence on the spot or spots secures at least one advantage—to wit, that the dislike of the SULTAN and the KHEDIVÉ respectively is shifted from the regular representatives of Great Britain. Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF's mission is sometimes represented as a slight on Sir WILLIAM WHITE; it is at least possible that Sir WILLIAM does not think so.

The talk about neutralization and the corresponding outcry against it both involve a considerable forgetfulness of facts and probabilities. To suppose that, after the outlay of every kind which England has incurred in order to make good her position in Egypt and to save the Egyptians themselves from native anarchists and plunderers and from the polyglot harpies, chiefly French in nationality, who have been preying on them for so many years, any English Ministry (except, perhaps, one presided over by Mr. GLADSTONE, with Mr. LABOUCHÈRE for Chancellor of the Exchequer and Sir WILFRID LAWSON for War Secretary) is likely to abandon Egypt to the first comer is simply futile. To suppose the reality of such an impossible project as that which was described last week—the project of making Egypt, not an African Belgium, for Belgium has a formidable army and some fortresses of hardly matched strength, but a kind of political land of Cockaigne where English troops on their way to invade Bokhara, and Russian troops on their way to surprise Cyprus, are to meet, foregather peacefully, eat the animals that run about ready roasted, and diversify them with the cucumbers and the onions and the garlic of the Earthly Paradise itself—is more futile still. Such a project as the former could hardly come, and certainly has not come, into the head of the present Government. Such a project as the latter could hardly come into the head of any Government, and it really would not much matter if it did. For it is quite certain that it could never be got into working order. On the other hand, it seems to be sometimes forgotten that there are many reasons which make it difficult, if not impossible, simply to do nothing at all except stay where we are. The unwisdom of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, from its first

vague promises of *désintéressement* to the mischievous right of financial interference which was finally allowed by Lord GRANVILLE to the Powers, has made some negotiations, if only for form's sake, necessary. The obvious determination of at least France not only to strain the rights thus unwisely given, but to use any other lever that may present itself to disturb the Egyptian situation, is another cause. The awkwardness of Turkish displeasure at English presence in Egypt—a displeasure which, unreasonable as it is, is constantly making itself felt in other quarters where it is far more formidable than in Egypt itself—has also to be remembered. And, lastly, this country would certainly fail in her duty towards Egypt if she omitted efforts to get rid of, if possible, and to alleviate anyhow the intolerable burden of the Capitulations, and the privileges arising directly or indirectly out of them, which make it possible for such pests as the *Bosphore Egyptien* to exist in the land. We cleared the locusts out of Cyprus; we have got to clear locusts of a much worse kind out of Egypt, and, without negotiations of some kind or the occurrence of a general political situation which makes a cutting of the knot possible, we cannot do it. If, then, it is possible, by making arrangements which will conciliate Turkey and the Powers without doing English interests harm, to improve the condition of Egypt and fulfil engagements wisely or unwisely entered into, so much the better. If it is not possible except at the price of doing English interests harm, it will be quite possible to draw back at any moment. To make any arrangement which would permit any other nation to take England's place or prevent England from resuming direct guardianship of Egypt whenever she thought fit would, of course, be quite inadmissible.

The chief danger (or, as that is too strong a word, the chief inconvenience) of the immediate situation lies not in the likelihood of any gross-of-green-spectacles bargain on the part of the Government, but in the persistent and perfectly intelligible action of France. The French have a perfectly good answer to those who demand what French interests in Egypt are, and what possible connexion there can be between French rights on the Nile and the fact that from the days of St. LOUIS to those of NELSON the French nation has received some pretty strong reminders that it has neither rights nor business there. The favour which the first Pashas and the late Khedive showed to Frenchmen made the country a far more lucrative Tom-Tiddler's ground to France than any of her own unprosperous and badly-managed colonies; and it is the in part accomplished, in part threatened, loss of this ground that (added, no doubt, to some sense of humiliation at the blundering pusillanimity of four years and a half ago) spurs the French on to do anything to displace England. The most recent method employed to embarrass a rival has a certain nobility in the frankness of its cynicism. France, the country of 1789, objects to the abolition, or rather insists on the re-imposition, of the *corvée*, the chief remaining grievance of the fellahen, unless a corresponding sum is applied, not to the general improvement of the country, but to the maintenance of a useless army. It is true, of course, that in either case *plectentur Achivi*—the Egyptians, considering the PROLEMIES, have at least as much right to be called Greeks as some who claim that title. But that is not the point. If the *corvée* is reimposed, England rather than France, which is not in nominal direction of Egyptian affairs, will be made unpopular in Egypt. Gain 1. If the Egyptian army is increased, it will be urged, or urgeable, that occupation

by British troops is no longer necessary. Gain 2. Whatever happens, the delay and inconvenience will show the Egyptians how useless English government is. Gain 3. If, as is probable, the whole squabble leads to a new derangement of the financial equilibrium which England has so carefully brought about, the rights of international financial interference will enable France to meddle more than ever. Gain 4. *Plectentur Achivi*; and let them. This is the French argument, and as far as it goes it is a perfectly sound one. But the fact that it accurately represents the policy of France shows of itself how useless negotiations for neutralizing or anything else must be. And it also shows how extremely unwise it would be if the English Government should by some miserable economy give France and other Powers the lever of interference which they desire. After the expense already incurred in making good our hold on Egypt, thus to grudge the application of the proverbial halfpennyworth of tar in Egyptian finances would be a piece of financial policy worthy only of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. It is to be hoped that Mr. GOSCHEN is belied by the rumour which suggests that he has an idea of thus following in the footsteps of his predecessor. The silly and discreditable gibes of persons like Mr. LABOUCHERE as to Mr. GOSCHEN's relations with Egyptian affairs would be too much honoured, and would have served their purpose far too well, if he were to pay such attention to them.

SCUTTLE THE CONSTITUTION.

AGITATORS and projectors, in and out of Parliament, are more and more bent on illustrating Mr. GLADSTONE's proposition that in England there is no fundamental law. The acute and learned lawyer who now represents in this country the United States, delivered some time ago an Address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on the "Law of the Land," or the *Lex terræ* of Magna Charta. He defined the law of the land to be "the law which runs 'with the land and descends with the land. Not the 'general mass of changeable legislation or judicial decision 'perplexed in the extreme,' but that higher law under 'which legislation itself obtains its authority and courts 'their jurisdiction.'" After referring to the written Constitution of the United States, Mr. PHELPS declares that "the unwritten Constitution of Great Britain, as universally 'understood, is of the same effect. Though its ultimate 'construction is entrusted to Parliament, that body is 'equally bound to refrain in legislation from infringement 'of constitutional rights." He proceeded to say that law consists of two parts—"the law which changes, and the law 'which does not change." As an example of the institutions which are guaranteed by the fundamental law, he mentioned the right of owning property, which has of late been brought in question. "Such propositions are only 'appropriately met by the bullet and the rope." An almost equally fundamental right of Englishmen is that of being governed by Queen, Lords, and Commons as subjects of the Crown. No other authority is entitled to make the smallest modification in the law or to modify existing securities for property or person. The Scotch and Irish Acts of Union, which were treaties as well as Parliamentary statutes, are analogous to Amendments of the American Constitution. Once enacted, they are incorporated into the body of constitutional law; and by their operation, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen are in all legal respects on a level. Even if it were admitted that Parliament would be justified in repealing either Act, the unity of England, including Wales, would still be complete. The kingdom has been undivided for a thousand years, except that Wales was, down to the reign of HENRY VIII., governed as a subject province. It is only within the last eight or ten years that factious politicians have for their own purposes proposed to detach Scotland, Wales, and of late parts of England, from the United Kingdom.

Mr. GLADSTONE is mainly responsible for anarchical proposals which happen to coincide with his political interests. Especially since he has been in a minority in the House of Commons, he has been inclined to baffle opposition by dividing his adversaries. As the Parliament to which he owes allegiance declines to obey his bidding, he thinks that he would encounter less resistance if he could split up the kingdom into fragments. His scheme, whether it includes a Tetrarchy, a Hexarchy, or a Heptarchy, is equally inconsistent, not only with national greatness, but with

the Constitution or fundamental law. The omnipotence of Parliament, on which he relies as affording facility for revolution, is itself beyond the reach of legislation. A Parliamentary vote that Parliament should be no longer supreme would have no legal or moral validity. The appeal would be not, as in the case of Mr. PHELPS's Socialist, to the bullet and the rope, but to the bayonet and the battery. It might or might not be prudent to resist the establishment of a Gladstonian Constitution; but if the opponents were strong enough, they might justly suppress it by force. A loyal resident in Wales has an indefeasible claim to all the rights and securities which are provided by the common and statute law of England. It is highly probable that a Welsh Legislature, which for the present would be practically elected by Nonconformist preachers, would transfer the fee-simple of the land from the owner to the occupier. It would certainly confiscate the property of the Established Church. In all cases its legislation would be directed against the educated classes, and for the supposed benefit of the numerical majority. The law-abiding Welshman would be grievously oppressed if he were compelled to obey a constituted authority which might exercise powers wrongfully delegated by the Imperial Parliament. Perhaps the Welsh Home Rule Bill would prohibit the Welsh Legislature from renouncing its allegiance to the Crown. The precaution would not be deemed superfluous by readers of some of the Welsh newspapers which are edited by Dissenting ministers.

The Repeal of the Union with Scotland is in a more advanced stage than the proposed separation of Wales from England. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, with singular incongruity, moved an amendment to the Address in favour of Scotch Home Rule, on the ground that Parliament needs relief from the pressure of business. If the House of Commons has leisure to spend three weeks in idle chatter on things in general, there can be no necessity for devolution of its more important functions. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL contributed to the tedious debate on the Address one of a dozen amendments, and one of more than a hundred speeches. He had either not considered the nature and functions of a Scotch legislative body, or he thought it inexpedient to communicate his plan to the House. On the whole, he seemed to contemplate the institution of an enlarged Municipal Council; but he left it in doubt whether it was to enact laws and to control public policy. With laudable impartiality, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL expressed the opinion that London, which is more populous than Scotland, is equally entitled to the luxury of a separate Parliament. He was even candid enough to admit that other parts of the country might fairly claim equal privileges. Whether any advantage to any portion of the community would result from the newfangled subdivision was a question which seemed not to have occurred to the mover of the Amendment. Mr. BALFOUR had an easy task in demolishing Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's arguments; and, if there had been an opportunity, he would probably have been equally successful in exposing the wilder extravagances of a more violent opponent. Dr. CAMERON dissociated himself from Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's comparatively moderate proposals. He demanded for Scotland the nominally qualified independence which Mr. GLADSTONE last year proposed to confer on Ireland. Like Mr. GLADSTONE, he probably thinks that local Legislatures would be more manageable by demagogues than an Assembly returned by the electors of the United Kingdom. That part of the kingdom, including Lancashire, which is held up to the odium of the remoter provinces under the contumelious name of Southern England is probably to have a Parliament of its own. It is perhaps scarcely judicious to remind the House of Commons that not only the Union with Ireland, but the integrity of Great Britain and of England itself, is avowedly threatened by the Separatists.

Although it is doubtful whether local administration will be improved by any measure which the Government may find itself compelled to introduce, no objection of principle can be raised against an inevitable experiment. The towns have for half a century been governed by elective bodies, with results which are, on the whole, not unsatisfactory. Counties or rural districts are conventionally supposed to desire the extension to themselves of similar institutions; and in modern times a plausible demand is regarded as a conclusive reason for concession. The unit of local government will probably be the Poor-law Union or some similar subdivision of an average county. The largest area will be the county itself, or perhaps an electoral division. The powers of the Council or other governing body ought to correspond as nearly as possible to those of the existing

urban Corporations. There are strong reasons for making the Parliamentary and the local franchises identical, and for dispensing with the introduction of *ex officio* members. The gentry, who have as justices hitherto managed county business, will be the most competent administrators of the new system if they are trusted and supported by the elected members. As representatives of any select body or as nominees of the Crown, they will be subject to popular jealousy; and there is no disqualification more effectual than the prejudice against a privileged minority.

The distinction between municipal bodies which may be legitimately created and the proposed organizations of the Home Rule agitators is that local authorities have no legislative functions, except the enactment of by-laws. Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish Parliament and the Scotch or Welsh Parliaments which are to be constituted after the same model would have the control of internal policy and legislation, and they would be constantly tempted to encroach on the province which might be formally reserved to the Imperial Parliament. A scheme has been lately propounded by a newspaper Correspondent who seems to be in the confidence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for the establishment of four legislative Assemblies in Ireland, and perhaps for the extension of the same system to Great Britain. All contrivances of the kind are almost as dangerous as Mr. GLADSTONE's original plan, though they would dismember the kingdom at two or three stages instead of at one. It may be inferred from the statements of the writer that the acceptance of some such project by the Conference of the Round Table has been prevented by the opposition of Mr. MORLEY. It is remarkable that the most consistent among the English advocates of Irish Home Rule has never given an active support to Mr. GLADSTONE's ulterior plans of disruption. Mr. MORLEY would let the Irish go, because he thinks it impossible to reconcile them; but he has not pledged himself to the theory that Scotland and Wales are equally ungovernable. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, only proposes to detach a few provinces from the United Kingdom because they are at present controlled by his political adherents.

THE CROFTERS' COMPLAINT.

THE debate on the Amendment which Dr. CAMERON purposely made as wide as possible has served its purpose. It has completely wasted two more days. Irish members have enjoyed a good opportunity for boring a thin House with the kind of eloquence Mr. FINUCANE poured forth in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (THACKERAY's *Pall Mall Gazette*), minus the good nature. When Messrs. MAHONEY and BIGGAR get up to explain why an Irish Nationalist must sympathize with a Scotch Crofter member, it is not necessary to do more than quote Captain SHANDON. "Look here, MARY, my dear, here is JACK "at work again," said the chief of that famous paper when he saw the familiar "allusions to the greatness of Ireland, and the genius and virtue of the inhabitants of that injured country." Look here, M or N, as the case may be, here is the Nationalist member at work again, is a remark which has frequently to be made in these days. Further, various Scotch members had a chance of rivalling their Irish friends in wordiness and absurdity. The Highlander's absolute incapacity for conceiving or understanding a joke, noted by Sir WALTER, is no longer the disability it would once have been. If it were not for a soothing belief that the horror is given by Scotch law terms, the wail of the Crofter members over the tyranny of the Procurators Fiscal would be horrible indeed. It sounds dreadful to hear the question whether it is legal in Scotland to "pound babies." Dr. CLARK declaring, probably with appropriate gestures, that he would smite to his feet the man who pointed his baby, must have been an heroic figure. Is pounding the treatment applied by the agents of a foreign tyrant to the small family of the heroic WALLACE of Ellerslee, or is it a minor form of multiplepointing—an awe-inspiring word, to be seen now and then in the *Times*? As reported by Mr. SHIRESS WILL, the treatment of the cowherd of Portree, who was seen on the sky-line and did not run away, seems to have been worthy of the Caliph of Bagdad in his most playful mood. This unhappy cowherd was dragged to prison for being on the sky-line. They took his boots off, and put him in a bath. They kept him there four days, and then "he was thoroughly purged, and "told he might go home." Mr. SHIRESS WILL informed

the House unnecessarily that he had no general objection to baths, but implied that he would not treat his enemy's dog in this fashion. No doubt; but perhaps the honourable member's description is highly coloured. It is very shocking to hear from Mr. HUNTER that there is in Scotland a survival of the French *oubliette*. They certainly show a species of big underground champagne-bottle at St. Andrews answering to the description; but are Crofters imprisoned in it? Certainly not. What Mr. HUNTER means is that, by the practice of the Scotch law, which has been its practice ever since there has been law in Scotland, prisoners are subject to much the same sort of examination as is held in France by a *juge d'instruction*. This may be a survival or any other barbarism; but it does not especially interest the Crofters, unless they are unwise enough to come in contact with the Procurator Fiscal. Scotchmen have not complained much of the practice hitherto. They have even been known to hold it up to the admiration of the Southron, and Mr. HUNTER may be surprised to learn that there are persons to the South of the Border who think that it would help towards that arrest of all scoundrels which was the laudable ideal of ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ.

These revelations of tyranny, and many others, went to make what the ADVOCATE-GENERAL, with amazing politeness, called the strong case for the Crofters. Not being bound by the "courtesy of this House" to credit honourable members with having done what they had not done, we have no hesitation in declaring that no case was made out for the Crofters at all. Dr. CAMERON's Amendment asserts that "recent events in Skye and in Tiree, and the "general administration of justice in the Highlands, have "caused serious concern to the people of Scotland." The evidence produced in support of this proposition amounted, in fact, to the statement that the disorderly Crofters were very disgusted to learn that the Bill of the year before last was not going to make them prosperous at somebody else's expense; and, further, that the Scotch judicial system can deal very effectually with rioters. If the people of Scotland are discontented with the general administration of justice in the Highlands, they have shown extraordinary and unwonted reticence on the point. Justice is administered in the Highlands precisely as it is in every other part of Scotland. The Scotch have certainly expressed no wish to make a radical change in the system of administration which is secured to them by the Union, and which is "a fundamental," if there is any such thing in the Constitution. None of the alleged acts of misconduct on the part of individual officers have been supported by even a shadow of evidence. The complaint of the Crofter members is in reality not that the law has been wrenched, but that it has been enforced. They complain of Sheriff IVORY simply because he has been singularly successful in the discharge of his duty. The change of venue to Edinburgh out of which they attempted to make capital was in strict accordance with Scotch practice. The ADVOCATE-GENERAL had no difficulty in proving that the change of venue was, in truth, a benefit to the accused Crofters. With a very characteristic confusion of mind, the Crofters' members maintain that the sheriffs and deputy-sheriffs on the spot are not to be trusted to show impartiality, and then complain that their cases were taken up to Edinburgh. If this had not been done the accused must either have been summarily tried before officers whom they accuse of partiality or have waited for months for trial. Whether or no it is a good thing that juries should give their verdicts by a majority, and not unanimously, may be a matter of opinion, but the practice is not a grievance peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland. It is the rule throughout the whole country, and even Mr. HUNTER, who probably thinks it a survival of the French *oubliette*, does not maintain that it is a cause of general discontent to Scotchmen. The Crofters Act has failed, as everybody, including the Crofter members, foresaw it would fail, to make an overcrowded population of far from industrious habits prosperous. It has, on the other hand, succeeded, as it was bound to succeed, in giving the Crofters a vague notion that the time had come when they would be freed from the necessity to pay rent, and might in some undefined way get possession of desirable holdings. The Government has had to deal with this lawless tendency, and has done so by a strict application of the law. The landlords in Skye have to some extent followed the example of their tenants by declining to pay rates while the tenants were allowed to withhold rents. They at least, however, demanded, not a suspension of the law, but an enforcement of the whole law, which is quite another thing. Government, which was

bound to make them pay their rates, was also bound to keep their tenants to their engagements. As soon as it applied itself to the discharge of its duty the landlords paid the claims on them.

The outcry over the employment of soldiers and Marines in Tiree and Skye is natural enough in the mouths of the Crofter members. It would suit agitators exceedingly well if Government were to disable itself from employing a great part of the forces at its disposal for the maintenance of order. If it were necessary to raise a special body of police to protect the sheriff whenever the Skye or Tiree Crofters thought fit to refuse payment of rent or seize on pasture-farms, there would very soon be a general stoppage of payment and expulsion of sheep-farmers. In the face of such a danger, the Government is not only entitled but is bound to employ soldiers, Marines, ironclads—or even Horse Artillery, if there is any left to use. It took much the most humane course by despatching such a body of armed men as would make any attempt at resistance hopeless. The ADVOCATE-GENERAL and Mr. A. J. BALFOUR were hardly under the necessity of defending the conduct of the Conservative Ministry. The work was excellently done for them by Mr. J. B. BALFOUR, who proved that no Government which was not disposed to permit a general defiance of the law could have taken any other course. It is open to the Crofter members to bring in another Bill, and make an effort to induce the country to put its hand into its pocket for the purpose of enabling the small tenants in the West of Scotland to live in comfort on a soil which is incapable of supporting them. This is the ultimate aim of all Crofter and Land Bills. It commends itself to members who have to consider the Crofter and the Irish vote, and they may attempt to persuade the rest of the country to share it. The Bill of 1885 fell very far short of even aiming at this high standard, and has left the Crofters as a body just where it found them. That is a good reason why Dr. CAMERON and his party should wish to change it; but it is no reason why the Government should refuse to recognize it as the law and enforce it. The Crofters can always fulfil their obligations by giving up their holdings if they cannot pay their rent. The contention of the Crofter members really amounted to a demand that the law should be suspended whenever their clients find its application inconvenient.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH IN BABYLON.

MR. PECKSNIFF'S Theory of Twins should not have been more interesting to Mrs. GAMP, nor Mrs. TODGERS's notion of a wooden leg to Mr. PECKSNIFF, than to the Psychical Society the Babylonian Idea of a Disembodied Soul. *The Babylonian and Oriental Record* (Nutt) contains remarks on this topic of much value, and is adorned with illustrations of curious interest. If anybody is in a hurry, and cannot afford *The Babylonian Record*, he has only to look at the first figure of a man which the first boy that passes scrawls with a piece of chalk on the first wall he meets. That attenuated figure, in the skeleton style of Mr. THOMAS TRADDLES's early manner, is the Babylonian idea of a Soul. It is fair to add that for a head in a hat should be substituted the crooked handle of an umbrella.

Babylonian art designed these cheerful figures on seals. Here we see a human figure, more or less, with an umbrella head, sitting down on a rail, which is, apparently, an uncomfortable place of repose. A star, or a starfish, is drawn above the head of this attenuated being. There is then a roughly indicated barrier, and on the other side another umbrella-headed man, bigger, is holding up his hands in a deprecating attitude. He is tentatively making an effort to sit down on his hat. To him, with an expression of remonstrance, appeals a third umbrella-headed being, obviously saying, "Just for this once," or "I'm sure you'll like him 'when you come to know him.'" He holds in his hand an object which may be a turban, or a dead rabbit, or a kettle-drum, or a basin. Then we have another barrier, and this is probably a door with the knocker (a large piece) so arranged as to knock inside. Outside is an umbrella-headed figure, facing away from the door. He is in the attitude of a fencer, with his left arm up. A much more elaborate seal shows us a lady in a crinoline (positively a crinoline; there is another on a lentoid gem from the Greek islands in the British Museum). She is seated on a gridiron set up erect. Two fishes (a perch, we think, and a gudgeon) are swimming up to her with a friendly expression. A lady in

a shawl and dress without flounces drags forward an emaciated and apparently inebriated man, with a fish smelling the tail of his coat. This figure is pushed on by a respectable being in a turban; while another man advances with a dead fawn on his shoulder. At the end of the seal is a cheese on a gridiron. A serpent, or eel, is tasting the cheese; and a fish waits, with a nonchalant air, for the verdict.

This is all we can see on the seal, and it is a good deal, considering. But Dr. WARD thinks the inebriated man is a soul being introduced to HEA (no sort of relation to SHE), the deity of the under-world. He thinks the "culprit" (the dissipated figure) is "for some offence being changed 'into a bird.'" But Mr. TYLOR, writing in *The Babylonian Record*, thinks not. The Babylonians thought all disembodied souls were "like a bird." "Clothed also" (says the *Descent of Ishtar*) "in a dress like feathers." The idea recurs in the Raven-ghost, who, in the Paradise of the Ojibbeways, guards the monstrous strawberry. Mr. TYLOR, therefore, concludes that the figure being introduced is "brought up unwillingly for punishment before the 'Babylonian MINOS.'" The "worthy Beak" (as these bird-like deities may well be styled) has clearly to do with an old offender, and should not let him off with a fine. Mr. TYLOR thinks the author of the Book of Job may have had a scene like this in his mind's eye when he wrote (if he did write) "The shades writhe beneath the waters and the inhabitants thereof."

As for the seal which we first laboured to describe, with the Beak sitting down on his hat, Mr. TYLOR thinks it probably represents "the nightly voyage of the sun beneath 'the waters.'" What we take for walls he regards as masts. Of course on this theory the basin will be accounted for if the sun is a bad sailor. A line from THACKERAY's *White Squall* will at once occur to the memory of the learned. Why the sun should have a head like an umbrella-handle we do not pretend to understand, except on the hypothesis that all souls have, and that the nightly sun is *socius omnium animarum*.

On the whole, the study of Babylonian seals offers a fine field for recreative conjecture.

THE DEFENCE OF LAW-BREAKING.

THE late debates have produced some remarkable theories of the relation of morality to law and of both to private judgment. Irish agitators have repeatedly propounded the doctrine that bad laws ought not to be obeyed, and the minor premiss that laws which they dislike are bad leads to an obvious conclusion. The ethics which find expression in the Phoenix Park murders and in the Plan of Campaign would hardly be worth discussing if the English Separatists had not accepted the principles as well as the votes of their Irish allies. The Gladstonian members who took no part in the division may possibly have been restrained by scruples which their leaders may take into account. Only two or three of their number expressly refused, like Mr. PARKER, to affirm doubtful matters of fact, or ridiculed with Mr. STOREY the apologies which were offered for conspiracies against property. They perhaps rely on the plausible excuse that it was irregular to anticipate the result of the trials which are now proceeding in Ireland. It was convenient to forget that those who sympathize with Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN take an interest in their fate not because they believe they are innocent, but because they know them to have committed acts which the proper tribunal has already declared to be illegal. The clamour about the jury panel is really raised as a protest against verdicts which might be in accordance with the evidence. If it should appear that the boasts of the defendants were not founded on fact, or if the Court should refuse to accept the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench, no jury would hesitate to return a verdict of acquittal. It was perhaps because neither the law nor the fact was really in dispute that the apologists for plunder, from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to Mr. BERNARD COLERIDGE, strive to impair the authority of law.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN lately drew a distinction between active and passive resistance to legal demands which he might think unjust. He said that he would not pay Church rates, if they still existed; but that he would allow his goods to be distrained without assaulting or injuring the officers of the law. If such a case arose, he would make a mistake, though he is incapable of committing a crime. The law

ought to be obeyed, not because it is equitable or expedient, but because it is the law, or the primary condition of civilized life. Refusal to pay a legal demand is in all cases indefensible, though in varying circumstances it involves many different degrees of guilt. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN rented a farm or house, he would not put the landlord to the trouble of distraining instead of paying his due. A tax or rate which he may think unjust constitutes an equally binding liability. The remedy is not to withhold payment, but to procure the repeal of the impost. An imaginary case would need little discussion if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S doctrine were not capable of expansion into iniquities as monstrous as the Plan of Campaign. Irish agitators loudly assert sometimes that the landlord has no rights, and on other occasions that he is only entitled to a margin between the full rent and the fraction which a tenant thinks that he can spare. Boycotting and occasional murder correspond in the Nationalist decalogue to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S supposed process of buttoning up his pockets when the collector calls. It is doubtful whether the HARRINGTONS and O'BRIENS, or even the farmers whom they organize into Clubs and Associations, really think that landlords are legitimate objects of spoliation. It is probably enough for them that their victims are sometimes incapable of resisting such devices as the Plan of Campaign.

Their English confederates have more difficulty in providing casuistical excuses for systematic robbery. Mr. GLADSTONE thought it sufficient to say that the Plan of Campaign was but a logical consequence of the alleged interference of the CHIEF SECRETARY and his subordinates between the landlord and the tenant. In other words, a recommendation to a creditor to allow lenient terms to his debtor was equivalent to a scheme for encouraging and enabling the debtor to repudiate his liability. Mr. GLADSTONE'S ethical teaching may perhaps, as he boasts of his political proposals, satisfy the Scotch and the Welsh. At present that part of the United Kingdom which he contemptuously designates as Southern England still recognizes the claims of ownership and the distinction between right and wrong. Mr. BERNARD COLERIDGE, representing a district in a great town of Northern England, is less adroit than his experienced leader. He was understood by some of those who heard him to deny that the Plan of Campaign was illegal; but, having some regard to his professional reputation, he explained that, in his judgment, the law which has been infringed is not morally binding. It has sometimes been satirically asserted that advocates have habitually succeeded through their knowledge of the length of the judge's foot. The length of the litigant's foot would be a more fallacious standard of measurement. The Plan of Campaign, indeed, has not even originated with the tenants who are said to be unable to discharge their lawful debts. Many of them were able and willing to pay, and some have actually paid; but Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN have persuaded them first to assess their own rental, and then to set the landlord at defiance. It is not to be supposed that Mr. COLERIDGE, or those who share his opinions, had ascertained by independent inquiry the facts of the case. They are content with the proposition that a rent deemed by the demagogues to be excessive involves no moral obligation to pay it. The extravagance of their contention is not exhausted by their reliance on the authority of partisan agitators. Mr. DILLON and others have repeatedly admitted that some of the tenants who have acted under their advice were fully able to pay. In such cases the rent has been intercepted by strangers to the contract. Mr. COLERIDGE apparently holds that legal right is not supported by any moral sanction, and that a creditor may be justly deprived of his due for the benefit, not of the debtor, but of the debtor's neighbour. A lawyer who denies the moral validity of law must find that his professional conscience is sometimes strained.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who is at present a more considerable personage than Mr. COLERIDGE, defended by a string of audacious sophistries a thesis which is virtually the same. His argument and its illustrations pointed to the conclusion that resistance to law is justifiable, because treason when it prospers is not called treason. The precedents for the Plan of Campaign which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT triumphantly quoted are for the most part instances of rebellion leading directly to civil war. In every case Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, taking, as he probably thought, the popular side, assumed that the defiance of the law was just and praiseworthy. His first authority for the moral justification of the Plan of Campaign was the execution of

CHARLES I., which he apparently thinks to have been as popular as it was lawless. The previous exclusion of independent members from the House of Commons might give Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT a lesson in the art of packing juries. He will find by deeper historical study that the judicial murder of the King by a military dictator was odious to the people,

Though round those armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

Another precedent which was exultingly quoted was the outbreak of the American Rebellion. It is idle to discuss the question whether the rioters were justified in throwing the tea into Boston harbour, or in beginning the war which ended in the establishment of American independence. The orator who professes sympathy with the insurgents insinuates his opinion that the Plan of Campaign is an equally laudable breach of the law. The landing of WILLIAM OF ORANGE at Torbay was perhaps cited as a precedent for the interference of American sympathizers in Irish controversies. It is quite unnecessary to remind the followers of Mr. PARNELL that rebellion would be condoned if it succeeded. If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had any object except to impair the authority of law, he failed to achieve his purpose.

One of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S precedents deserves attention on other grounds than his approval of regicide and rebellion. He actually quoted HAMPDEN'S refusal to pay ship money as an instance of meritorious disregard of law. When he next refers to the history of CHARLES I. and his opponents, he would do well to observe that both parties, and more especially the Parliamentary leaders, were above all things anxious to abide as far as possible by the letter of the law. The quota of ship money which HAMPDEN refused to pay was neither large in amount nor objectionable in the purposes to which the proceeds of the tax were to be applied. It was only because in his judgment the demand was illegal that HAMPDEN preferred imprisonment to connivance with an unlawful extension of the King's prerogative. It is unnecessary to inquire whether he was right in his construction of the law or the Constitution. He was in intent a martyr to the sanctity of law. The present Opposition has not yet pledged itself to the doctrine that obedience to the law is discretionary. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT himself only maintains that resistance is probably meritorious. Mr. BERNARD COLERIDGE holds that laws which he dislikes have no binding force. Mr. GLADSTONE puts conspiracy to defraud on a level with mistaken benevolence.

THE FEARS OF EUROPE.

A LITTLE while ago it appeared to be the fashion to ignore altogether the very obvious fact that Prince BISMARCK had an interest in keeping up the war scare throughout Europe. The impulse of the moment appears now to be to think that the war scare is due to nothing but that interest. Some ingenious persons have represented the PRINCE as sending friendly messages to the French Government to say that, if they could move a few million troops to the frontier, or buy a few thousand horses, or build a few hundred barracks, or, at least, not say anything to discourage war rumours, he would, like DICKENS'S tramp, "take it werry kyoid" of them. And, of course, the said ingenious persons did not reflect that the purpose for which the PRINCE wants this effect produced—to wit, the granting of the Septennate or new lease of freedom from Parliamentary control over the German army—is not exactly one with which French statesmen must necessarily sympathize. The present exaggeration of the PRINCE'S immediate object, and the former omission to consider it, are about on a par as regards political wisdom; but if the newer phase results in some settling down of the wild and senseless panics which have been troubling the European Stock Exchanges for something like the last month, it will no doubt be a good thing. It would, however, be a very bad thing if unreasonable confidence were to take the place of unreasonable scare. Prince BISMARCK is the very last person to burn a house in order to roast a pig, and his reasons for wanting the Septennate will remain whether the Septennate be granted or not. The cause of quarrel between France and Germany, a cause irremovable till Germany gives up at least Lorraine, will not be removed; the antipathy between Russians and Germans of every rank below the highest will not be removed; the designs of Russia on the Balkan Peninsula will not be

removed; and, for the present at any rate, the irresponsible and incalculable personality of the CZAR will not be removed. The match may be set further off, the train may be temporarily disconnected with the powder-barrels; but match and train and magazine will remain more or less *in statu quo*, and their readjustment will at the best, in the agreeable idiom of the language of diplomacy, "be for another time."

The negotiations at Constantinople for the arrangement of the Bulgarian difficulty appear to hang fire, which will scarcely surprise anybody. It is perfectly well understood that the Regents of Bulgaria—the constitutional successors of Prince ALEXANDER—are quite ready to do anything reasonable, and perhaps a little that is unreasonable, to meet Russian views. The phrase which we have just used as to the Regents is naturally very unpalatable to Russian agents in this country, who, following the cue of Russian diplomacy itself, have suddenly become extremely and nervously anxious about constitutional propriety in matters Bulgarian. It is very pardonable that a Russian, and not unnatural that a Russian agent, should make a few mistakes in this new-born zeal for constitutionalism. Russians are not to that manner born, and may easily overdo things; as it is said that in the days of recusancy Popish and Non-conformist attendants at church sometimes made themselves very involuntarily conspicuous by their scrupulous observation of the Rubrics. But any constitutional lawyer of intelligence can tell these zealous convertites to constitutionalism that the Sobranje and the Regents, until the proper authority decides in each individual case, are as much constitutional holders of their respective positions as a member of Parliament who is duly returned and has duly taken the oath is till he be unseated by a regular tribunal for want of qualification or what not. Indeed, it is rather absurd even to glance at the point when we have in the last Bulgarian Blue-Book (which cannot be too carefully read, if only for the purpose of appreciating the excellent conduct of English representatives, especially Captain JONES and Mr. CONDIE STEPHEN) the bland confessions of Russian diplomatists that the objection to Prince ALEXANDER was that the Russian people did not like him. It is scarcely needful to say that the likes and dislikes of the Russian people have as much to do with the tenure of office of the Prince of Bulgaria, when once chosen, as the likes and dislikes of the English people have with the tenure of office of the French President; or, for the matter of that, of the CZAR. It is true that a right of veto on the appointment of a Prince is given indirectly by international arrangement to the Russian Government (which we all know represents the Russian people so faithfully), just as it is given to the German Government and the English Government and the Italian Government and the French Government and the Austrian Government. But the Prince once appointed, the likes and dislikes of any government and any people are beside the question. At present the Regency is not only the *de facto*, but also the *de jure* Government of Bulgaria, and whatever modifications it may agree to submit to for the sake of peace and quietness are purely "discretionary and ultroneous." It would appear that Russia after for some time fighting shy of that remarkable statesman, M. ZANKOFF, is prepared again to back him, and even to recommend him for the Regency, perhaps with GRUEFF or BENDEREFF as a colleague. So, if the celebrated Colonel BLOOD had succeeded in his daring and sportsmanlike design on the Duke of ORMOND, his Grace of BUCKINGHAM might perhaps have proposed him as a trustee over the ORMOND estates. But, in truth, these matters have passed into a stage when they are only of subordinate interest. At any moment, if the debate between France and Germany became acute, and if France succeeded in making those terms with Russia of which some Frenchmen, at any rate, are ambitious, or if Germany were driven to buy the CZAR off by a complete surrender of Austria, the Bulgarian question might become once more of the first importance. But for the moment it is shelved; and the shelves of a Constantinople negotiation, especially of the less formal kind, are long, and broad, and high, and difficult of access. The only other chance of rude disturbance in this position is the instigation by Russia of some of the ruffians whom she has always in pay at Cetinje and elsewhere to kindle actual insurrection in Bulgaria or in Macedonia. Some rumours of impending disturbance in the latter quarter have already been started, with what foundation it is difficult to say.

It is, however, for the moment improbable that the armaments and preparations of the different European Powers

will cease; and certainly that Power would not be wise which began to fold its hands and go to sleep. The two wars of 1870 and 1877, each of which might probably have been prevented or differently ended if Mr. GLADSTONE had chosen, have been very MACBETHS in the way of murdering sleep for Europe; and in this respect they stand unfavourably distinguished from not a few wars of the past which really have served as rough instruments to procure peace. It is undoubtedly the opinion of a majority of well-informed and capable judges that no recovery of public confidence is possible until either a new war ends in the establishment of a more stable equilibrium or some entirely unforeseen accident or chapter of accidents removes the present causes of irritation and changes, more or less peaceably, the international relations of the different Powers. This is not a pleasant state of things; but it has to be faced, and it would be childish to say that any great European Power is guiltless of bringing it about. The effect of the timidity or the shortsightedness which thought that in 1870 France and Germany could safely be left to fight it out without European interference or surveillance was aggravated by the hardly less unwise half-measures which choked Russia partially off the throat of Turkey seven years later, instead of peremptorily arresting or signally punishing her aggression. Mistakes of this kind cannot be made with impunity; they never have been so made, and they never will be, and any attempt to persevere in them is sure to make them worse.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

AS the ingenious project of a Jubilee Tower in Oxford Street, a thousand feet high, was only mentioned as a sort of inferior joke, we in this happy country can afford to enjoy to the utmost the squabble now engaging the energies of the principal inhabitants of Paris, as to whether the iron tower which M. EIFFEL proposes to erect as an advertisement of the Exhibition of 1889 is deserving of encouragement or otherwise. On one side of the conflict are ranged the artists and literary men of France, headed by the greatest artist and literary man in France, the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*. On the other, in a compact phalanx, gleefully relying on the point that the objections have not been taken in time, stand M. EIFFEL, the architect, M. LOCKROY, the Minister of Commerce, and M. ALPHAND, the Director of Works at the Exhibition.

In order properly to appreciate the interest of the dispute it is necessary to form an idea of what the proposed tower will look like. A bird's-eye view of Paris, including the tower, was recently published in one of the illustrated newspapers. It gave a very clear idea—perhaps not an absolutely correct one, but that is of no consequence. In this picture the tower looked as if it had got there by mistake, out of some other picture on a much larger scale. It was, besides, of unexampled hideousness in itself. It appeared to consist of an iron girder set up on end, dividing near the ground into three (or four) sprawling feet, like the leg of a round table. If it is built according to present plans, it will be, roughly speaking, three times the height of the next highest building in Paris; and if the English artist was not guilty of a libel, it will be about as ugly as it is high. Naturally enough, therefore, the "leading authors, artists, and dramatists" of Paris are signing a protest against its erection. The language of this protest, to which M. LOCKROY did no more than justice in his reply, is worthy of the absurdity of the occasion. That, at least, is the impression to be derived from the work of the comic gentleman who does the French-English translating for the *Times*. "This august inflorescence of stone," which is one of their paraphrases for Paris, appears from an article on the subject in the same paper to be English for "cette floraison auguste de pierre." But one would like to know the original of "everybody feels it, everybody says it, everybody is deeply 'grieved.'" What everybody says is that it is disgraceful for Paris, being "a city without a rival in the world" in point of good looks, to permit the erection of a tower which "even commercial America refuses." Commercial America is generally considered to know what it is about. They should have offered it to artistic America.

M. LOCKROY's reply is not less pleasing. In substance he refuses to discuss the merits of the tower, on the ground that that question has been settled, but he is excessively sarcastic and entertaining. The memorialists had spoken of "the Paris of sublime Gothics, the Paris of JEAN GOUJON,

"of GERMAIN PILON, of PUGET, RUDE, BARYE, and others." Clever M. LOCKROY pretended to think that this meant that the persons named were "sublime Gothics," and sarcastically deferred to the opinion of experts. This is an artful rhetorical device, and will commend itself to the candid mind of Mr. CHURTON COLLINS. The only thing that M. LOCKROY really resents is the signature of the memorial by M. CHARLES GARNIER, whom he himself appointed consulting architect to the Exhibition. Now, as M. EIFFEL plainly said to a reporter of the *Temps*, the tower will be the principal thing exhibited, and therefore the consulting architect of the Exhibition is substantially the consulting architect of the tower, and therefore the conduct of M. GARNIER shows not only bad taste in towers, but treachery of the blackest description. M. LOCKROY concludes by begging the Director of the Works to have the protest framed and exhibited as an example of French prose. This is doubtless open to the objection that it is what a schoolboy would have said; but M. LOCKROY probably thought that a rather childish piece of impertinence was the most effective way of proving to MM. MEISSONIER, DUMAS, PAILLERON, COPPÉE, GOUNOD, and so forth, that such people have no right to address the servants of Republics on equal terms.

It would be interesting to know the opinion of the people of Paris about the tower. They are supposed to be examples of advanced Radicalism, and they certainly elect a very odd Municipal Council. Does it follow that they will be pleased by the erection of a building which is of no use, and remarkable only for its oddness, ugliness, and enormity? It needs no one to tell us that the project is a sort of embodiment of the most hopeless vulgarity, and an offence against every rule of art and propriety. BARTHOLOMEW's statue of "Liberty" is silly, and the Americans would probably not have put it up for themselves; but, after all, it is a lighthouse as well as a statue. The Eiffel Tower will be much worse from every point of view. One can imagine VICTOR HUGO expressing himself energetically on the subject. It is not necessary to suggest on which side, because, as Mr. GLADSTONE knows, it is bad controversy to tell a man that his relations would have approved of something if they had not died before it was proposed, and M. LOCKROY was VICTOR HUGO's son-in-law. If he had not been his son-in-law—there is no harm in supposing that—it is possible that the duty of defending the tower would have devolved upon somebody else. Whoever that might have been, he could not have outdone M. EIFFEL himself, who argues that the tower is desirable because the Egyptian Pyramids are big.

OF AUTHOR CRITICS.

AGAIN the author-critic has come uppermost; and again the example is the critic-author of an influential daily paper. Not very long ago Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER took occasion, in examining the indictment brought against a new play by a critic in the *Daily Telegraph*, to traverse every statement and flatly contest every point at issue; and in the *Era* of Saturday last Mr. LOUIS B. TISDALE is moved to do something of the same sort for another notice—a favourable one, this—in the same popular print. The two cases are not precisely parallel. Mr. ARCHER was careful not to name the object of his attack, except by implication; and the play he championed was one in which none had any hand but the acknowledged author, Mr. H. A. JONES. Mr. TISDALE thinks he is "betraying no secret" when he informs his readers that the chief dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph* is Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT; the play of which he writes is avowedly the work of Mr. SCOTT in collaboration with Mr. G. R. SIMS; and he contrasts, with a certain indignation, the reception by a critic of the *Daily Telegraph* of *The Noble Vagabond* with that accorded by a critic of the *Daily Telegraph* to *Jack in the Box*. To his mind Mr. JONES's play is "immeasurably superior" to the work of Messrs. CLEMENT SCOTT and G. R. SIMS; and he remarks that, if a certain scene in the latter be, as the *Daily Telegraph* critic affirms it is, "admirably contrived to stimulate the curiosity, as well as to heighten the diversion of the audience," it is none the less a fact that "the curtain descended amid loud tokens of disapproval," and that "the warm reception" chronicled by his adversary was "warm" in the opposite sense to that in which the word is officially employed. He does not fail to note that of a similar scene in *The Noble Vagabond*—which, by the way, Mr. ARCHER

singled out for his highest encomium—the *Daily Telegraph* "complained in no measured terms"; but he does not push the parallel too far. On the other hand, he is not at all disposed to accept the *Daily Telegraph's* description of *Jack in the Box* as "an attractive entertainment which metropolitan playgoers seeking a lively evening will not be disposed to disregard." As he sees it, the joint achievement of Messrs. SCOTT and SIMS consists of "pantomime rallies and music-hall tunes of the most approved type," which are "tacked on to the most conventional of conventional plots," and in this forlorn condition are "mixed up with an unbounded amount of claptrap"; and he is excessive enough to refer in this connexion to "the masterpieces of SHERIDAN and GOLDSMITH," and to inquire, if it be really true that such compositions as *Jack in the Box* are "greater attractions . . . in the eyes of the *Daily Telegraph* critic" than *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Rivals*, "what wonder is it that we live in a degenerate age?"

Mr. TISDALE, however, does not stop at this. He has "nothing to say against" Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT or Mr. SIMS; but he maintains "the system which allows an influential critic to collaborate in dramatic authorship with authors or managers" to be "a distinct violation of all principles of justice and fair play," and he adds, a trifle superfluously, "as such deserving of the very gravest censure." His belief is that as soon as ever a dramatic critic turns playwright "he ceases to be an unbiassed critic." It is, he thinks, "too much to expect of human nature" that he should "tell the plain unvarnished truth" about a play that is "written by a whilom collaborator of his own." It is a fact, he declares, and "one that can be proved up to the hilt, if proof be wanted," that in this fashion bad plays have been foisted time after time upon the public, when "the critic who controls the notices in a multitude of papers is, or has been, connected in some way" with their authors; just as it is a fact that much decent stuff is damned "when the unbiassed multipotent critic injures no friendship by saying what he thinks." Statements of this sort ought neither, we take it, to pass unchallenged nor to be made for making's sake. If, as Mr. TISDALE avers, they can be "proved up to the hilt, if proof be wanted," then should the facts on which they are based be instantly forthcoming. Proof is just what is wanted.

VARIOUS ARMY MATTERS.

WITHIN rather less than a fortnight three things have happened, each a very good illustration of our method of army administration in its way. Firstly, it has been discovered that more bad steel weapons have been issued by the War Office, this time to the navy, and in the course of conversation an interesting little fact has been revealed about the relations between the departments. Secondly, there has been a friendly little talk between Lord NAPIER of Magdala and Lord HARRIS about the reduction in the Artillery—very curious and instructive. Thirdly, a Committee Report on the threatened bankruptcy of the Volunteers has appeared, full and detailed, deserving of further careful examination. It will be seen that these events touch various branches of that great force which is more motley than JOSEPH's coat. The War Office and Admiralty, the Navy, the Army, and the Reserve forces have all had their share. In spite of all this variety, there is a family likeness in these incidents. They go to show that the administration of our fighting forces is still "all a moodle."

The bad weapon incident is not new; for the last tin sword and bayonet scandal is not so old but that a Commission presided over by one of HER MAJESTY'S judges is still investigating it among other things. We are promised proof positive that there is no corruption in our Administration, and shall receive it without surprise. This is the kind of information which was sure to leak out. In the meantime here is sufficient proof that there is incompetence in these immaculate departments. How curiously the naval and military administrations are linked together is shown by Lord ELPHINSTONE's statement that the Admiralty keeps no record of the complaints made to it about the quality of the weapons supplied by the War Office. It hands them over to the sister department. A fellow-feeling makes these great offices wondrous kind. The Admiralty would not do anything so mean as keep a note of the other's

blunders. Besides, this custom of give and take in inefficient weapons has the advantage of dividing responsibility, and leaving the "system" to answer for everything. That the Admiralty would make better tools for itself is more than we care to engage for; but, at least, if it made its own it could be called to account. At present the Admiralty says—The War Office tempted me with bad sword-bayonets, and I took them. I am not responsible. The War Office, which has only a partial resemblance to the mother of mankind, answers—The Admiralty took them, and what is it blaming me for? Between the two, the navy is armed with iron hoops in the most approved modern shape. Lord HARRIS's answer to Lord NAPIER of Magdala comes in to show how the War Office is subdivided within itself. Lord NAPIER asked for explanations of the reduction of the Artillery. He gave very sound reasons, which we have given already, but which came with great effect from one of the most successful and experienced of English officers, for believing that the measure is a gross blunder. He proved that, whatever may be the proportion of Artillery in our scheme of mobilization, it is very low for our army. It is less than that of any great army on the Continent. Also he showed that the Horse Artillery is the most difficult of all to form, is weak as it is, is greatly needed, and continually more appreciated in foreign armies. To this Lord HARRIS answered in substance that he knew nothing about it, and he really could not be expected to have any opinion on the matter. The gallant and noble Lord must really take it for granted that the War Office had behaved with the greatest care and judgment. He must not expect any proof of this assertion. It would be unofficial to give any, and so Lord HARRIS knows nothing about it, and the military advisers of the War Office are not there to answer, and the system triumphs as usual. The Report of the Committee which has been investigating the financial position of the Volunteers will stand a good deal of consideration. For the present one remark upon it may suffice. It appears, on an examination of the accounts of two hundred and eighty-four corps, that nearly all owe bills, and very few have a shilling to spend. This force, on which we are to rely for help in repelling invasion, is in fact maintained, like a hospital, by voluntary contributions. Nearly a fourth of its yearly expenses are met by subscriptions made by the officers and men. In fact, the country not only expects its defenders to defend it, but to pay roundly for the honour into the bargain. It is not surprising to hear that the competition for vacant commissions is not so much slack as null. To point out that the mere existence of the force under these circumstances is very creditable to the officers and men is easy, but not very profitable. What is more to the point is the proof this Report affords of the vile dishonesty of the practice of counting a body of armed men who want four parts out of five of their equipment, and who cannot pay their way, among the efficient forces of the country. They are only men who could be made efficient with outlay, time, and trouble.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

WE live in an age of what are called New Departures. The term is a little suburban, but it will serve to designate those revolutionary movements in the *Times* which perplex pressmen with fear of change. The little head-lines—an innovation to be sure—are not really alarming. Persons accustomed to the other papers, especially the evening papers, regard these head-lines with a pensive and elegiac tranquillity. We spell them as a man spells some rustic epitaph in a country churchyard, though that merely records the demise of WILLIAM NOKES, while these perhaps mark the decay of an empire. One is about as important as another in cosmical time.

A more startling indication of the levity of the age is given when the *Times* appears in the character of the *ciron* or wag. Irony is not a weapon for heavy handling. The *Times* with the figure of Irony resembles a quarter-staff player suddenly equipped with a small-sword. His "pushes" are not "fine," his disengagements are not made within the circle of a wedding-ring; he remembers his swashing blow, but with his new weapon it is impossible to swash. In a leading article, which of course was "lead" (in every sense of the word), the *Times* on Wednesday tried to abate the pride of the police. They had captured a person named CURRELL, who was "wanted" in connexion

with some murder or other. On this the excellent *Times* dilated in the ironical mood, with such success that another contemporary was quite taken in, and thought the *Times* was in earnest. Perhaps this was a triumph, but really the repetition of the word "masterly" should have warned the giddy trifler of the *Globe*. Moreover, there was a reference to Monsieur LECOQ, whom the *Times* has heard a good deal about in other leading articles very probably. Thus all the world should have known that what the *Times* said was only its fun. It "joked w' difficulty," and could not stay, under its penalty of being funny, over any considerable distance of paper. Besides, the thing was an experiment, a first attempt. Was it successful?

This is an anxious question. As the *Times* is making new departures "anyhow" (as the economical child said of the Deluge, which she thought might have been "utilized" for the drowning of the Devil without extra charge), would it not be well to have just one new departure more? A coupon might be issued requesting subscribers to say what they think of the experiment in waggery. If they dislike it, then it need not be continued. An evening paper once began a series of Dialogues between Politicians. This was in the golden prime of good Mr. JOHN MORLEY. But the first Dialogue was so depressing, even to minds least addicted to railery, that there were never any more of them. There need be no more comic essays in the *Times* unless the public clamours for them on coupons. In any case a notice, a marginal notice, might be given—"This is 'wrote sarcastic,' or 'This is a goak.'" Then the public would know where they were. Then they will know what is meant when the *Times* says that "some people take 'pleasure in counting the dead bodies found in the Thames 'or elsewhere of which no account is ever forthcoming.'"

After all, we do not see that the police deserve the heavily-loaded irony of the *Times*. An ordinary labourer is "wanted." Who is to find him in the multitude of persons no better clothed or fed or educated than himself? It took ten days to find CURRELL. There would have been nothing to marvel at if CURRELL had not been found at all. Monsieur LECOQ used to catch dukes whose touch on the revolver was too light and free. But a duke is an easy man to run in compared with a CURRELL. He has to pretend to be a CURRELL, and no duke can keep up that deception for ever when the eagle eye of Monsieur LECOQ is on him. In any case, it would be easier to track a duke than a dock-labourer, and we do not see that the police have deserved to become the first victims of an amateur in irony.

THE DEMONSTRATION NUISANCE.

IT does not at all follow because a Socialist meeting in Trafalgar Square is made a particular nuisance by the character of most of its members that therefore an orderly meeting is not a nuisance at all. Several hundred of the best-intentioned people in the world can stop traffic and inconvenience others. Even Convocation or the House of Lords could block a street and require to be moved on. It is true these eminent bodies have never yet done so, and have thereby set an excellent example to the country. At the present moment it seems likely to prove exceedingly useful. Everybody who wants something, or thinks this or that ought to be done, is taking to collecting as many loafers as he can to listen to him in some convenient place, and then marching them to Trafalgar Square. The fact that he has no intention to commit a breach of the peace does not make it less certain that he blocks up the middle of the road, and gives the signal to the standing army of disorder which is always on the outlook for an excuse to come to Trafalgar Square and cause a disturbance. These considerations are deserving of the attention first of the people who collect the meetings, and then of the authorities who ought to look after the interests of Londoners.

The United Society of Shop Assistants is, as far as is known, a peaceful and even a commendable body, and yet it has just made a nuisance of itself. It thought that by collecting a meeting on Clerkenwell Green and marching in procession to Trafalgar Square it would promote the progress of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's "Shop Hours Regulation Bill." As this method of arguing political and semi-political questions has been much used by great and good public persons, it would perhaps be too much to expect the United Society of Shop Assistants to have seen its futility entirely by itself. After its late experience the Society may be wiser. To

judge from the diminutive size of the meeting at Clerkenwell, the shop assistants seem to have been wiser than their Society. The honorary secretary, however, and a minute following did make the pilgrimage, and at Trafalgar Square they found a mob of idlers and a large force of police under Colonel PEARSON waiting for them. Their share in the subsequent proceedings was small. After a brief tenure of the platform adorned by lions, Mr. PRIEST, Hon. Sec. U. S. S. A., was hustled off, and the demonstration came to an end. After this, the Society and other Societies may ask themselves what good they can possibly get by foolish demonstrations of this sort. In view, also, of the obvious absurdity of these meetings, it may be hoped that the Home Office will at last take heart of grace and stop them. It is no longer a matter of doubt that decent people, whether they are shop assistants, workmen, or anything else, hold aloof from them. A succession of riots or narrow escapes from riot has convinced men who wish to keep out of trouble that Trafalgar Square meetings are better left alone. Nobody goes to them except busybodies and idlers. They are a nuisance to the public and a danger to the tradesmen in the neighbourhood. However harmless the alleged object may be, it is always necessary to have Colonel PEARSON and a large force of police on the spot to keep order. They have become a permanent invitation to roughs and the smaller kind of thief. It is high time they were stopped. The stoppage ought to be very complete. It is not only Trafalgar Square, but also Clerkenwell and other places, which need to be kept free. After the experience of last week, it ought to be taken for granted that a Socialist meeting is more likely to lead to rioting than not. Goswell Road and the neighbourhood of Bermondsey Square have as good a right as Piccadilly to be preserved from the shop-lifting and window-breaking which have now followed several Socialist meetings. The right of Mr. QUELCH to collect a mob and abuse the Rev. C. D. LAWRENCE is, we venture to think, a very doubtful one. The temptation to imitate the rioters who broke out in Goswell Road must be strong for this orator's audience. His appeal for the family of the martyred MORRIS produced, it seems, exactly 9½d., which, as Mr. QUELCH ironically remarked, was a fine sum to keep them on for three weeks. The funds being in this low state, it is well that the Socialist audience should be kept out of temptation. The canting pretence that the poor and the unemployed, as far as they are honest, are in any way concerned in these mobs has been completely exploded. They are wholly got up by agitators, who, even if they are sincere in the rubbish they talk, are none the less a dangerous nuisance. To allow them to go on, to do them the honour to keep forces of police dancing attendance upon them, is simply to encourage them in their folly, or worse. The fact that they are habitually an excuse for a sub-meeting of mere roughs is reason enough for suppressing them. If they cannot be put a stop to without forbidding all public meetings in London, nobody who is not interested in promoting disorder will be grieved at the loss.

THE TURNING-POINT IN IRELAND.

WE shall avoid even the most distant imitation of the recent attempt of the Radical Opposition—an attempt more unscrupulously and anarchically factious than any recorded in the history of the last fifty years—by refraining at present from even the most guarded and neutral comments on the conspiracy trial proceeding at Dublin. Critics in the position of the late Secretary to the Treasury, a public man only a few months free from the responsibilities of office, may think it becoming to asperse the official morality of their successors, and to discredit in advance the impartiality of the administration of the criminal law in Ireland; but we shall not be thereby tempted, at any rate in this place, into any premature vindication of either. What we have thought it right ourselves to say on the subject, under the necessity of commenting on the abortive endeavour to raise a wholly indefensible and designedly mischievous debate on the Dublin trial last Thursday night, we say elsewhere. Here we shall employ ourselves principally in noting the formidable and formidably multiplying results of that movement which the Government are at last endeavouring to repress and punish by the action of the legal tribunals. Foremost among these, of course, is the savage and characteristically cowardly murder which has just been committed at Ballycar. People in England have been congratulating themselves on what they are pleased to call the infrequency

of agrarian outrage in Ireland, and if this only means that Moonlighters are not quite as active in "carding" obnoxious tenants and maiming their cattle as they were in the heyday of Mr. GLADSTONE's blessed rule, these modest collectors of comfort-crumbs may be left to the enjoyment of their frugal meal. But others may be less complacent over a decline in the number of minor outrages, which is only due to the fact that the terrorism of the National League is more firmly established than ever was that of the Land League; and less patient of a state of so-called tranquillity, which is liable at pretty frequent intervals to such interruptions as that of the murderous fusillade which was poured upon the ill-fated little group of bailiffs and constables the other day by their safely sheltered assassins at Ballycar.

The increasingly frequent recurrence of crimes like this, to say nothing of such ruffianly brutalities as cutting off the hair of girls and pouring tar on their heads as a punishment for "speaking to a policeman," is not to be lightly regarded. Conservative members who "have a large number of Irish constituents" had better defer their fulsome eulogies of the generous virtues of the Irish race to some more appropriate occasion than one which coincides with the revival of that historic institution of a chivalrous people, the employment of the pitch-cap. The time has come, most certainly for every Conservative, and we hold also for every Liberal, who is not ashamed to indulge the hope of wading through slaughter to office, to review the situation in Ireland honestly, and to ask himself whether, besides being a scandal in itself, it does not present all those premonitory signs of worse to come on which provident and energetic guardians of society are in duty bound to take action. Agrarian crime in one form or another is not only growing in frequency, but—a yet more sinister symptom—it is beginning to show a more direct and patent connexion with the incitements of agitators than ever. It is beginning to dog the footsteps of the Campaigners, as, according to Mr. GLADSTONE—now the bosom friend of their "distinguished" secretary—it dogged those of the Land League. The scene of the Ballycar murder is close to Bodyke, and it was of the Bodyke tenants and their hitherto successful resistance to the law that Mr. O'BRIEN spoke no longer ago than last Sunday in language of inflammatory compliment as "gallant and desperate men," who, instead of "trusting to the Tory Government for protection, like the poor cottiers of Glenbeigh," had made so menacing a show of defiance that "the redcoats were ordered back to barracks, and the evictions were given up." Even this temporary check to the enforcement of the law would in any case have been of bad enough example; but it appears to us only too probable that the suggestion of the *Times*' Correspondent is correct, and that these unhappy hesitations of Executive authority have in the present instance given direct encouragement to the commission of crime. Mr. O'BRIEN's "gallant and desperate men" have been prompted to prove their desperation, if not their gallantry, by concerting this murderous attack upon Sergeant O'CONNOR's party as a means of driving home the fear which they probably believe themselves to have established in the minds of those to whom the execution of legal process has been entrusted. But the Ballycar murder, if the most tragic consequence of Executive weakness, is only one among many others. Riotous scenes at evictions are becoming of daily occurrence; and actual resistance to the execution of process has in too many cases obtained at least a temporary show of success. No one who has realized the pregnant truth that the Irish are "the worst people in the world to run away from" can doubt what the ultimate result of all this will be. Failure though the Plan of Campaign has proved from a financial point of view, it will prove a political success to its authors, who from the first of course were much more anxious to injure the Government by it than to help the tenant. The Campaigners are already beginning to present themselves to the minds of the people as victors in a contest with the Government, and nowhere is there a greater tendency than in Ireland for even the comparatively law-abiding part of the population to flock to the winning side in such a struggle.

It is matter for surprise, indeed, that the adhesions to the victorious combatants have not been more numerous than they have. We fully share the astonishment of the Duke of ST. ALBANS that any locality in Ireland pays extra police-tax in view of the successful contumacy of the Corporation of Limerick. The debate in the House of Lords on this subject the other night was calculated to fill any mind but one thoroughly addicted to modern "go-as-you-please" doctrines with the most painful reflections. The Mayor and

Corporation of Limerick are at this moment, and for nearly three years past have been, in contempt of a mandamus from the Irish Court of Queen's Bench. It cannot be doubted, we think, that if any English municipality could be supposed capable of assuming the same position, the authority of the Court would long ago have been enforced by attachment against them as indifferently as against one of their own beadles. But, an Irish municipality being concerned, we have Lord SPENCER talking with bated breath of the arrest of the Mayor and Corporation as "a very 'serious and grave act'; we hear of Lord CARNARVON's 'proposing a compromise' to them; and, finally, we are told that it has been thought better to proceed 'by legislation rather than by attachment,' and that the Government should obtain powers in such cases to levy taxes. But why not proceed by both methods, and let the authority of the Court be vindicated on the persons of those who defy it, pending the preparation of a measure to enable the Treasury to obtain actual possession of the money? In all probability if the first step had been taken, the second would never have been necessary. To defy the Executive is a very cheap way for an Irish Corporation to acquire popularity; to go to prison for the defiance is not half so good a bargain; and so we imagine the worshipful ones would speedily have felt. But this is only an illustration on a comparatively unimportant scale of the besetting tendency of English Governments to allow more latitude of disobedience to that very portion of the United Kingdom which, by reason of its natural tendency to indiscipline, requires to be kept more strictly to the line of duty than any other part of the realm. "Movements" which in England would be instantly suppressed are allowed, in conformity with this irrational practice, to become conspicuous and powerful before any idea is entertained of restraining them, and in too many cases they are allowed to reach such a dangerous pitch of power as, after their suppression, to leave authority with its hands full for months in dealing with their effects. The National League and the Plan of Campaign movement are typical examples of this. Even if the verdict in the QUEEN against DILLON and others should be adverse to the traversers, we should greatly deprecate any disposition on the part of the Government to rely wholly on its effects. The conviction of the five Campaigners, if obtained, will come too late. They have set the ball rolling, and the National League can be trusted to keep it up. It is with this body itself that the Government must deal, and deal promptly, if they wish to prevent the rapid and, as it will soon become, the unmanageable spread of disorder in Ireland.

THE LETTER OF THE BOND.

THE Law Reports of the week contain three important instances of the difficulties which are always arising in the enforcement and interpretation of contracts. To some people just now the very word contract has an offensive sound. The notion that any one should be compelled to fulfil a promise when fulfilment is inconvenient to himself shocks the tender consciences of politicians like Mr. ESSLEMONT and Mr. ANDERSON. According to the Celtic form of modern Radicalism, the individual's first duty is to himself, his second to his family, and his third to his creditors. "Do not admit that you owe any man anything, 'except to hate one another,'" is the text on which, if it existed, the sermons of some Irish priests might well be preached. On the other hand, there are those—and Lord BRAMWELL seems to be among them—who would have rejected PORTIA's defence of ANTONIO, not because it was a quibble, but because it interfered with "an agreement 'voluntarily entered into.'" It seems a pity that Lord BRAMWELL should introduce into the serene atmosphere of the House of Lords, sitting for judicial purposes, a style of petulant paradox which, however successful it may be found in annoying the Bishops on the subject of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, is unsuited to the authoritative judgments of the highest Court of Appeal. "Freedom of contract" is a useful and serviceable phrase. But it is a phrase, and not a revelation. It does not, indeed, express the meaning which it is intended to convey. The principle which has been twice asserted, and no doubt rightly asserted, by the House of Lords during the present week is, not that people may agree to whatever they please, so long as it is not contrary to law, but that, if they agree for valuable consideration, the Courts will enforce the covenant against either side. There is all the difference in the world between a bet, which the law

does not recognize, and a conspiracy, which it punishes as a crime. In the Great Western Railway Company v. MCCARTHY the question was whether the Company were liable for damage to goods, although the senders had signed a special contract to relieve the Company from liability. For more than thirty years, in fact since the Railway and Canal Traffic Act of 1854 was passed, a railway Company has been unable to exempt itself from responsibility when animals and goods entrusted to it are injured through the neglect or default of its servants. But in this case there was a special contract, which the owner's agent signed, and it had to be determined whether the conditions of that contract were, or were not, just and reasonable. Lord WATSON explained that "the only substantial question 'presented in the able arguments at the bar was whether, 'in point of fact, a reasonable alternative was offered 'and was available to the respondent'—that is, to the owner of the cattle. This question was completely answered in the consignment-note, which formed legally a special contract, and which 'bears on the face of it 'a distinct statement that the Company carry cattle at 'two different rates—the one an ordinary rate, with the 'ordinary liability of carriers, and the other a reduced rate, 'at owner's risk.' Mr. MCCARTHY, in short, got his *quid pro quo*. Nevertheless, he contrived to persuade the Court of Appeal in Ireland that he ought to be permitted to back out of his bargain. Lord WATSON, with a large charity of interpretation or conjecture which has not always distinguished Scotch lawyers, was "willing to assume that these persons 'never read, or if they did read, paid no attention to the 'terms of the consignment-notes which they were in the 'habit of signing every Friday.' Nevertheless, parties cannot be permitted to take advantage of their own ignorance beyond certain limits. It is as easy not to know awkward circumstances about the business in which you are engaged as not to write a tragedy in five acts, and it is a form of intellectual abstinence much more commonly practised. This is not like the case of the greyhound, where the owner was offered or might have obtained a guarantee for his dog's safety by paying for him considerably more than a first-class passenger's fare. The ordinary rate charged by the Company, through its agent at York, was within the maximum allowed by its own private Act, and was therefore properly assumed to be reasonable. If, then, one alternative or one branch of the alternative was reasonable, could the other be unreasonable? Can a merchant, even an Irish merchant, complain of terms being imposed upon him, if he is at liberty to choose easier terms instead? The inquiry so put seems, like Lord MELBOURNE's letters, to answer itself.

The case of the Glasgow Working Men's Provident Investment Building Society which was decided by the House of Lords on Tuesday was even clearer than the position of the Great Western Railway. In both instances, however, the Court below had thought otherwise, and both therefore afford an argument, so far as it goes, for the retention of the House as a judicial tribunal. Moreover, as one case was Irish and the other Scotch, the convenience of a single Appellate Court for the whole of the United Kingdom may also be said to have been established. Mr. AULD, a former shareholder in the G. W. M. P. I. B. S., stood out, like the Great Western Railway Company, for his bargain, his whole bargain, and nothing but his bargain. He had invested in the Society on the understanding that he might sell out at any time on giving a month's notice, and that on the fund being realized he should be paid in his turn. But the securities on which the Society had advanced money were depreciated in value, and the Society resolved to economize by the simple and elementary method of deducting seven-and-sixpence in the pound from the account due to every shareholder on his withdrawal. Perhaps the Society might have been disposed, had the law admitted of such a plea, to argue that they offered Mr. AULD the "reasonable alternative" of keeping his money in the concern. They tried with more relevancy, but without success, to prove that they and Mr. AULD were partners, and that therefore the majority had a right to regulate the division of profits among them. The House of Lords, however, held that Mr. AULD and the Society were contracting parties, that they had entered into a binding agreement, and that neither could escape from it without the consent of the other.

The third of the cases to which reference has been made was tried before Mr. Justice STEPHEN and a common jury. A contract was again the subject of it; but in this instance one of the parties was under age at the time when the agreement was made. It was, in fact, one of those actions

for infants' "necessaries" which are so common and so perplexing. The law is, as most people know, that an infant cannot enter into a valid contract, and that he can be sued after attaining his majority for articles supplied to him during his nonage only if they were necessary to his condition in life. The defendant in *JONES and Company v. BARRON* was nineteen years old, and reading with an "army" tutor at Hampton, when he ordered the goods in question from the defendants, who are hosiers, tailors, and outfitters. Whether it is necessary that a boy studying, or not studying, for the army should have three flannel suits, two striped dressing-jackets with trousers, six silk shirts, eighteen pairs of gloves, and seventeen scarves within a period of twelve months there cannot, one would suppose, be much difficulty in determining. The jury, however, only reduced the sum claimed from eighty-three pounds to forty-seven. No one can be expected to feel much compassion for the defendant in an action of this kind. He has had the things; and, if he can, he ought to pay for them. If he must be foolish and extravagant, it should be at his own expense, and not at other people's. But, while the defendant deserves no pity, the plaintiffs certainly could not, even if they had failed altogether, have looked for much sympathy. They chose, without making any inquiries, to give unlimited credit to a lad in his teens and in a state of pupilage. The plaintiffs' own evidence showed that a traveller from their firm had gone down to Hampton Court, and had called at the house of Mr. BARRON's tutor for the purpose of "soliciting" orders. If this practice is to be rewarded by even such partial success as attended the efforts of Messrs. JONES and Company, the law for the protection of infants might almost as well be repealed. Messrs. JONES might, by the exercise of ordinary care, have ascertained that Mr. BARRON had a tailor in the West-End, whose bills Mr. BARRON's father had promised to pay; and, according to the judgment of Lord Justice LOPES in *BARNES v. TOYE*, that fact precluded the plaintiffs from recovering for clothes with which the defendant had already been supplied from elsewhere. Mr. Justice STEPHEN might perhaps have been more explicit in his directions to the jury. Trial by jury is a very good thing, if it means trial by judge and jury. But juries left to themselves arrive, like Mr. TULLIVER, at strange conclusions. Mr. Justice STEPHEN says that the law is indefinite. It is impossible for an Act of Parliament to schedule a list of "necessaries." The judge, however, showed an undue tolerance of "dressing suits," which it is a scandalous abuse of language to call "necessaries" in any walk of life. That "all men are not alike" may be a very sound reason for refusing to interfere with the caprices and eccentricities of adults. But the law which is designed to protect boys from the attentions of gentlemen like Messrs. JONES and Company should be construed with reasonable strictness.

BUSINESS AT LAST.

THE true character of the motion for adjournment, which the SPEAKER was fortunately compelled to rule out last Thursday night, was emphasized by the fact that it had been entrusted to Mr. DILLWYN to bring forward. Mr. DILLWYN, as we have before had occasion to point out, is the "highly respectable man" of the Radical party, and his services therefore in the possible conduct of any Parliamentary measure of a peculiarly doubtful character are beyond description. By holding aloof from most of the minor contests on points of procedure in the House of Commons, the member for Swansea has contrived to retain the repute of a politician superior to ordinary considerations of party, one who would never take the lead in any contentious proceedings between parties except under an absolutely constraining sense of public duty. No better man, therefore, could be possibly selected as the leader of any flagrantly factions attempt to embarrass a Government, and hence the peculiar significance of his intervention last Thursday afternoon. What the "highly respectable one" endeavoured on that occasion to do may be very briefly stated. He attempted, under colour of the pretext of Parliamentary privilege, to induce the House of Commons to debate the question whether a certain trial now in progress is or is not being fairly conducted; or, in other words, whether the Executive Government, assisted by one of HER MAJESTY'S Judges in Ireland, is or is not striving to wrest the course of justice to political ends, and to obtain a conviction against certain persons, independently of their guilt or innocence, under a mockery

of the forms of law. The eminently decorous discussion thus foreshadowed was only averted by the accident of Mr. SEXTON having given notice of a motion which covered the general question raised by Mr. DILLWYN's proposal; and thereupon that highly respectable member, whose acumen seems less conspicuous than his respectability, obligingly proposed to drop that part of his own motion which was identical with Mr. SEXTON's in order to disguise the irregularity of the discussion which would have ensued. The SPEAKER, however, declined to assist Mr. DILLWYN in violating the spirit under a pretended conformity to its letter, and later on he also very properly interfered to arrest Mr. DILLON's attempt to force a discussion of the charge of jury-packing in defiance of his decision.

We have not the slightest fear that either Mr. PEEL's ruling on the point, or his subsequent energetic action in bringing the debate on the Address to a close, will fail to secure the general approval of the public. The support which he will receive from all sensible men in the country is fortunately of a more valuable character than that of the chief metropolitan organ of Radicalism, which, while assuring the SPEAKER that "everybody sympathizes with his determination to keep the House in order," yet "ventures to doubt" whether one of his rulings was "in accordance with precedent," and "cannot profess to understand the grounds" of another. Such facings-both-ways, however, are only the natural consequence of that almost youthful precipitancy with which our contemporary committed itself in advance to the justification of this latest Radical manoeuvre. The public, unpledged to approval of a piece of tactics so manifestly originating in party acrimony of the most reckless and conscienceless order, will, we believe, regard the defeat of the ILLINGWORTH-DILLWYN attack on the Government with complete satisfaction. As to the application of the Clôture, that was a step to which even Radical critics apparently cannot muster the hardihood to object. Thanks to the indiscreet frankness of Mr. LABOUCHERE—whose sallies of effrontery sometimes damage the interests of his party as much as they amuse the House—it was perfectly clear from an early period of Thursday's proceedings that the entire Anglo-Irish party below the gangway would not allow Parliament to get to business if they could help it. Mr. PARNELL's Amendment and amended Amendment, Mr. DILLON's intemperate speech, Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR's motion for the adjournment of the debate, and Mr. Cox's happy thought of calling attention in an Amendment to the "distress of the English working classes" at half an hour before midnight on the sixteenth sitting of the House in debate on the Address, were so many separate and unmistakable indications of the same design. The "sense of the House," indeed, had, according to the requirements of the Rule, been "evident" for a long time before the SPEAKER called attention to it; and the large majorities which supported the action of the Chair might have been safely counted on by any one who had duly noted the mood of the assembly from a much earlier hour of the evening. In the former of these majorities we are glad to observe the names of at least a few members of the late Government, such, for instance, as those of Mr. BRYCE and Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY; as we equally regret to notice that other and more highly-placed colleagues of Mr. GLADSTONE did not see their way to the lobby to signify their approval of the SPEAKER's intervention. No doubt they feel that approval, but were prevented by unexplained circumstances from giving expression to it by their votes. We would submit, however, to these distinguished absentees that they would do well to make a point of taking part in divisions of this kind, even at some personal inconvenience to themselves. We may even hint to those so-called "Moderate Liberals" of the unofficial order that the "moderation" which maintains a neutrality between the friends and enemies of one of the oldest, and formerly one of the most venerated, of English political institutions is of too lofty a character to be appreciated by the public. Like Queen GUINEVERE, they "cannot breathe in that fine air" which apparently suits the lungs of those who regard the struggle for the preservation of Parliamentary manners as one from which they may with dignified impartiality hold aloof. If this is true, however, of the unofficial Liberals, who contented themselves with quitting the House at the division on the motion that "The question be now put," it applies with indefinitely greater force to men who have had to conduct the business of the country themselves, and may—though we trust the day is far distant—be called upon to do so again. It will not, we feel sure, be deemed a sufficient discharge of their

obligations that they should simply refrain from joining the ruck of CONYBEARES and LABOUCHERES, and CLARKS and STUARTS, and the rest of the factioners who are ready to destroy an institution in order to annoy a political opponent.

It is truly gratifying, of course, to hear that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT thinks that the new Code of Procedure proposed by the Government is not strong enough. We feel sure that his assistance in strengthening it will be heartily welcomed, especially as it is quite safe to count on the loyalty of his subsequent co-operation in enforcing what he desires to reinforce. It is to be wished, however, that he had more directly explained the meaning of his precise reference to dates in discussing the growth of some of the abuses which the reform of the Rules of Procedure is designed to correct. He laid stress upon the fact that the debates on the Address between 1874 and 1880 were of very short duration, and that it was during the period which has elapsed since then that they began to run to such inordinate lengths. Now between 1880 and 1885 the Conservatives were in Opposition, and therefore—the inference is obvious. But how judicious is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's preference for insinuating it merely, instead of boldly drawing it! For it would have been so very inconvenient to have been reminded that obstruction did not make its appearance at all until about half the life of the Parliament of 1874-1880 had elapsed, and that until after the general election of the last-named year, the Parnellite party—or, at any rate, its militant and obstructionist section—could have been counted on the fingers of one hand. It is quite an immaterial circumstance, of course, that the Irish Irreconcilables came back some thirty strong from the polls in 1880—immaterial, we mean, as compared with the much more significant fact that the children of light were in office and the children of darkness were in Opposition. The immense reinforcement of the numbers of avowed obstructionists below the gangway sinks into a mere trivial detail as compared with the circumstance that wicked Tories occupied the front Opposition bench. Still, on the whole, we think, as we have said, that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was well advised in hinting rather than asserting the complicity of the Conservative party in the obstructive proceedings of the last half-dozen years in debates on the Address. Attempts, indeed, to associate that party with the obstructionists have been made before, and their results have not been such as to encourage a repetition of them. Charges of this sort have necessarily resulted in the ignominious defeat and exposure of those who brought them forward. It is better, therefore, to suggest them by way of innuendo than in plain terms. But perhaps, when a leader of the Opposition is professing a sincere desire to co-operate with an existing Government in restraining the abuses of the privileges of Parliament and checking the loquacity of the members, the more excellent way would be not to suggest such charges at all.

THEATRE PARTIES.

SOCIETY in its amusements, as in its dress, its tone, even in its very composition, seems to be ruled by fashion. It is the very slave of fashion, and not to be fashionable is to be nonentity. The tyrant fashion—and a tyrant of the most unbending description it is—in some years decrees that every one is to take their amusement on the river at water parties; in others the rage is the suburban resorts of the Hurlingham and Orleans Clubs; and, again, lately, in the summer months the annual exhibitions at South Kensington are the things prescribed for its humble slaves. There are many more forms of amusement that could be enumerated that this despot, more absolute than the most absolute autocrat, has imposed upon its grovelling worshippers; but one that is most interesting to us is that which society, more especially in the winter months, nowadays delights in. The great amusement or, we might almost say, occupation now in vogue is the making up of play parties.

Of course at this time of the year the season can hardly be said to have begun, though a large number of votaries of fashion have collected in town, and they must according to their lights amuse themselves. What are they to do, poor, helpless beings! to afford themselves and each other amusement? The laws of their despot are most stringent that they should delight one another and the public by appearing *en évidence* as much as possible.

If they content themselves with meeting together at dinner, then there is the fearful tax on their overstrained brains of entertaining one another for three mortal hours. The despot fashion would not impose such a dreadful yoke on the necks of his faithful subjects—the strain would be too great; so he ordains that to those whose intellects cannot grapple with a few hours'

entertainment of kindred spirits, the universal theatre party should come to the rescue.

How frequently does one hear now "Let us make up a party to the theatre, and then we can have supper afterwards at the Bachelors', Orleans, or New Club," the main object being that a certain number of friends should go to a theatre, not necessarily for the sake of the performance, but that they may spend an evening together without being absolutely compelled to entertain one another, though, if they feel the spirit move in them, they have no hesitation in carrying on their conversation during the performance of the piece, much to the annoyance of those who go from a love of acting.

When such a party is being organized, many of the component parts are absolutely ignorant of what theatre they are going to till their tickets arrive, and then they find they have seen the piece several times before, or it is a piece they do not want to see; but it matters not to them, as they are fulfilling one of the great duties of life that fashion imposes on them—namely, making up a party to the theatre and supper afterwards. It cannot be argued of such as these that they are going to the theatre for the sake of the performance, as the party strolls in gradually at different times, when it has eaten its dinner, and seldom, with the exception of some very few enthusiasts, do any of them arrive in time for the beginning of the piece, and in arriving when they do they cause great inconvenience and annoyance to those who really go to the theatre for the pleasure of seeing the performance. The party cannot be said to meet for the intellectual enjoyment of sweet converse between the different members, for the play that is being acted to some extent hinders that. Why, then, does it meet? The only solution to that question is that each member pays half a guinea for a stall at a theatre to relieve him or her of the overpowering tax of trying to be entertaining for the space of three hours, as the alternative to the theatre would have been meeting at dinner. It seems to be a confession that now conversational gifts and powers of entertaining are at a low ebb, and that society does not feel itself equal to the strain. Is it that we live now at such high pressure that no enjoyment can be found in anything that does not involve rushing about and perpetual motion? How often do we hear, "Oh, let us do something to-night! what shall we do?" said among large families who are numerous enough in themselves to enjoy the flow of reason and wit by asking one or two friends to join them. But, no; that would not be "doing something"—far from it; it would be only using their intellectual capacity to the best of their abilities for the amusement of each other. They would not be before the world that night, and they would not be fulfilling their whole duty towards their god—Fashion. It would be absurd to maintain that all those who go to a theatre go there for the object of killing time; there are of course hundreds of thousands who go for the enjoyment of the thing; but they, as a rule, do not go in large parties, but select two or three kindred spirits, and go with the purpose of witnessing the performance.

Some theatre parties are made up with a distinct object, although it is not that of enjoying a play. The practical mother of the present day, who is blessed with unmarried daughters, feels that she has the duty to perform of marrying her daughters, and marrying them well, as regards worldly goods. To such as these the affections of her children are of small account. What does it matter to her where her daughter's heart is, as long as her hand is given to one who is well endowed? Theatres afford great opportunities to her that a dinner would not, as the party is made up to include the chosen one, who she thinks would be a good match for one of her daughters. The seats can be arranged so that her daughter sits next the intended victim, and has full opportunities of exercising to her utmost her powers of fascination, without any fear of interruption, or without the victim being able to make his escape for some time. In a drawing-room after dinner or at balls there is always the drawback of others than the chosen one monopolizing her daughter, or of the chosen one being monopolized by some one else; for how frequently it happens that the maternal bosom is rent by the agonizing sight of the richly-gilded victim dining at her house, and then devoting himself to some other than her marketable article!

Again, a theatre party is always a convenient opportunity for a flirtation with a young married woman, if she be so inclined, for the husband being present a halo of respectability is thrown over the proceedings, and the poor man, though he may be aware of what is going on, cannot hear what is being said, being divided by several others of the party, and the young Lothario has unbounded opportunities of pouring his tale of deep love and lifelong devotion, as he imagines, into his innamorata's ears without any fear of interruption; and so the theatre, instead of being an innocent amusement, may to those concerned be the cause of much misery and sorrow, and scandal in the future.

A theatre party now is seldom complete without an adjournment to supper afterwards, probably at one of the clubs where ladies are admitted, for to them that is half the charm. There is something very "piquant" to them in the idea of dining or supping at a club; for until a few years ago a club was a closed book to them; the mysteries which their imaginations conjured up were always a source of intense curiosity to most of them, and the clubs for many years were a bone of contention. All that is changed now. Many clubs are open to ladies, and they vie with the men in their anxiety to patronize them as often as possible; but, though the mystery has

evaporated, there is a feeling among them that they are doing something rather out of the routine of their ordinary life, and something which their parents and predecessors in their time would have looked upon as horribly improper, and in bad taste. Nowadays the great desire of many ladies in society is to go as far as they can in seeing, as they say, all that is to be seen. The desire to attend music-halls and restaurants of a doubtful character is strong in them, and nothing affords them more pleasure than studying the ways and habits of the "demi-monde," and they seem utterly oblivious of the fact that, not only is it demoralizing to themselves, and bad taste to be seen in such places, but it also puts them in awkward positions, by their having to meet and pass men whom they know well, unrecognized on account of the associates that are with them. The sense of real modesty must to a great extent be blunted in ladies who willingly put themselves in such positions; their thoughts and ideas on right and wrong and on what is modest and seemly for them must be deteriorated; and at the same time they need not be astonished if the result should be a disagreeable insult from some stranger, as it is purely through their own fault in seeking out pastures new for amusement that they put themselves in the way of receiving such insults.

But the supper-party at the clubs is the correct sequel to the theatre, as they are sure to meet many more people that they know, and will be able to answer satisfactorily, with a long list of names, the question that is sure to be put the next morning by other members of their family, "Who did you meet there?" In fact, that question is more likely to be asked first, than "How did you like the play?" There is no doubt that large parties are a nuisance to the rest of the theatre-going public; unpunctuality is one of their strong features, and it is an unmistakable trial for those who are interested in the performance to be constantly disturbed by the component parts of a large party coming in two or three at a time and passing them when seated. And, again, a large party means a continual whispering, and conversation *sotto voce*, going on, which is disagreeable to those who wish to listen, and provoking to those who are acting.

But the restlessness of the fashionable world of the present day and people's dislike of anything that gives them trouble in the shape of exercising their brains as a means of entertaining one another seems to account, to a great extent, for the prevalence of making up large parties for the theatre; for if people wish really to enjoy a play, they can do so more thoroughly by going two, three, or four in number. There is some good, no doubt, about the present phase, as it supports the large and very hard-working class of persons employed at the theatre; but at the same time it is a serious burden to some who are not well off, who in the presence of others are asked to join theatre parties, and who feel they cannot afford it, and yet do not like to decline. For the invitation is often begun with "Are you doing anything next Monday?" and if the answer be "No," it is followed up by "Will you join a party to the theatre that night?" It requires considerable moral courage, especially in young men who are serving at the shrine of fashion, to decline, on the plea that they cannot afford it; and yet it is true that many struggle to keep in the fashionable world who can ill afford it, and only by the most strenuous and praiseworthy exertions keep out of debt. To such as these the ever-recurring theatre party must be a source of considerable inconvenience; whereas an invitation to dinner would be a boon. It is to be hoped that the despot fashion will soon ordain that there should be cultivated in society a stronger taste for the art of intellectually amusing one another, and that clever and brilliant conversation should not be entirely banished in favour of theatre parties and other entertainments of a like description, good and pleasant in themselves in moderation.

THE BURNLEY LETTER-BAG.

IT is not known, and will not be known till after this page is read, how Mr. Thursby's attempt to hold Burnley for the Unionist cause may turn out. Although he has nominally only to hold, not to gain the seat, it is no secret that even the great local popularity and the well-proved Radicalism of Mr. Rylands were barely able to outweigh the large Irish vote and the strong anti-Toryism of the borough; while Mr. Thursby is a Conservative, and his opponent, Mr. Slagg, is one of the leaders of Lancashire Gladstonism. But whether Burnley honours itself and its late member's memory by returning a fit and proper person or dishonours itself by sending to Parliament a man pledged to bring about either disruption or civil war, Burnley will make its mark in history on this occasion after another fashion. Mr. Gladstone, if he did not introduce the practice of writing letters, commendatory or obnoxious or both, during the course of elections, has so far extended, diversified, and embellished it that he may almost be called its second author. And Mr. Gladstone's example in this case having been, as it now almost necessarily is, followed by the real leader of the Liberal party, Lord Hartington, Lord Hartington's expression has drawn from withers-wrung Lancashire Gladstonians and others a series of such delightful letters to the *Daily News* that even after Mr. Gladstone they are legible. They must, however, give place for the moment to their leader, as is fit:—"DEAR SIR,—I saw with great pleasure that Mr. Slagg was to be your candidate, as I am aware of his ability and knowledge of business, and I do not doubt that the cause of Liberalism, with the

Irish policy at the head and front of it, is with him in good hands. For the last twelve months we have been telling the English, Scotch, and Welsh that their Parliament would continue paralysed and their business neglected until it settles the Irish question. The Scotch and the Welsh believed us, but the Southern English did not, and they stopped the way. They will have to learn through experience. They will pay heavily for the delay they have thought it wise to interpose before we reach a conclusion certain to be arrived at, and we shall all have to pay with them. And after the thing has been done the Tories will begin to say and to believe they were all Home Rulers, as they now say that they were all Parliamentary reformers, and as until quite lately they said they were all Free-traders. Costly playing with the national interests seems to be the main purpose for which they exist. With all the great questions of the last fifty or sixty years they have played for a certain time, and when they leave off playing with one they soon find another with which to play again. I hope that Burnley will give them a lesson in the election which now approaches, and I remain, dear Sir, your faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE."

This remarkable epistle provokes fresh regret that a regular letter-book of Mr. Gladstone's election epistles has not been published, with blank pages for the insertion of fresh newspaper cuttings as they appear. We present the idea to any enterprising publisher, and are sure that it will pay him. The present example connects itself directly with that extraordinary series of the last General Election, which, as is well known, supplied grave and sober persons with serious reasons for inquiring into the exact condition of Mr. Gladstone's mental faculties. In the first place, it gives a very curious confirmation of the description of Mr. Gladstone's attitude given by Lord Randolph Churchill in a famous document. "The Southern English" (Mr. Freeman, if he were not at Palermo, would perhaps take occasion to tell us how many hundred years it is since that remarkable phrase was used) "stop the way," says Mr. Gladstone—Mr. Gladstone who is in such a hurry. And the Southern English are not, as it might seem, those followers of Mr. Gladstone, such as Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Labouchere, who have been stopping the way for weeks and fortnights with idle talk on the Address, and on Thursday night proposed a fresh stoppage. They are the Unionist majority, Conservative and Liberal. And how is it that they stop the way? Mr. Gladstone explains. They will not surrender to the Irish. They stop the way as Wellington stopped it at Torres Vedras and Waterloo, as Nelson stopped it at the Nile and Trafalgar. They will not retire gracefully, and let such persons as that person of whose performances and their coincidences or sequels "H." gave such an interesting history in the *Times* of Thursday have their way. They will not tear up the Union and put the clock of national progress a century back to please Mr. Gladstone. They "stop the way." But Mr. Gladstone knows what will happen to them; indeed, it may be admitted that he has the means, in part at least, of realizing his own prophecies. "They will pay heavily for the delay they have thought fit to interpose." The grand but hurried person does not here explain so exactly. He does not tell us whether the "payment" is the kind of payment exacted by some of his friends and followers from the policemen in Clare the other day, or the kind of payment (payment with pitch in due form) accorded to two Irish girls also the other day by others of his friends and followers, or the milder but more lingering torture applied by the Labouchere-Conybeare syndicate in the House of Commons. Probably all these modes are included in the significant "heavily." But, however this may be, Mr. Gladstone abruptly ceases prophesying, and ends with a genuine scold at the Tories. Comment—detailed comment—on the passage from "And after the thing" down to "play again" is surely not necessary. To say that it is historically false is merely to say that it is on a par with the rest of Mr. Gladstone's history. The really interesting thing is the half-inarticulate rage of it—the kind of "You . . . ! you . . . !" helped out with a splutter and a shake of the fist, which is familiar in the explosions of impotent scolds of both sexes. It is conceivable, of course, that the lower kind of platform orator should indulge in such a description of a great party; for our parts we acknowledge very frankly that we should consider it as false and foolish if it were said of the Liberal, or even of the Radical, party as it is in regard to the Tory. But that a statesman of almost unmatched experience, a public man of more than fifty years standing, one who was himself an active Tory till middle life, and who was not held to have formally severed his connexion with the party till he had been for a quarter of a century in Parliament, should say it; this certainly is a surprising thing, or would be surprising if anything in Mr. Gladstone could excite surprise. There is really only one inquiry that is in place, and that is the old one. Is it sane?

It is hard on mere items to have to come after Mr. Gladstone, but it is not our fault that they have to do so. We have said that some Gladstonians in Lancashire and out of it are in a terrible taking because the head of the Liberal and Unionist party is true to the Liberal and Unionist cause. It is needless to say that Lord Hartington, in supporting Mr. Thursby, did not scold and scream like Mr. Gladstone; but this naturally enough made him all the more annoying to the Causeurs. Says a "Lancashire Radical" to the sympathizing ear of the *Daily News*:—"We have been too generous towards some of the malcontent Liberals, and it is high time now to speak very plainly. Lord Hartington ought either to change his seat in the House of Commons,

to stand at one side like Mr. Trevelyan, or, which of course is impossible, to fall into the Liberal ranks. His position as an Opposition leader and a Tory buttress is absurd. Surely, sir, the rank and file of the party, whose confidence in Mr. Gladstone's policy is growing stronger and stronger, have some right to say who shall occupy the places of honour as Opposition leaders. Like thousands of Liberals, I feel very strongly on this question, and I am confident that our leaders have strained to the utmost limits the patience of the soldiers in the Liberal ranks by so often and so fruitlessly attempting to conciliate the small party of malcontents. Another election would crush out the Unionists as a party, even if they can be dignified by that name now. As a Lancashire Radical, I utter my protest against the action of Lord Hartington at Liverpool and at Burnley while still continuing to occupy a seat upon the Liberal benches." And thus two other gasping ones take up the moving tale:—"SIR,—The letter from 'A Lancashire Liberal' in the *Daily News* of to-day respecting the attitude of the Marquis of Hartington towards the Liberal party does not appear too soon. It is quite time that such an expression of Liberal opinion was given as will show Lord Hartington how much his conduct grieves and astonishes his party. I know that the feeling of the intelligent artisans who constitute the great majority of the voters in the Hoxton Division, of the Liberal and Radical Association of which I am President, is setting in very strongly against his lordship.—Yours faithfully, JOHN BEAUCHAMP."

"SIR,—I have been delighted to see the letter from a Lancashire Radical in your columns to-day upon Lord Hartington. It may be that those who have long been his political friends and personal acquaintances hesitate to denounce his course of action as it deserves; but it seems to me that the time has come for Liberals to express what they think of all the Mr. Facing-both-Ways who claim to be leaders of the Liberal party. I have been a Liberal all my life, and have always thought Liberals were men of principle, who acted according to their convictions; but now we see men whom we have honoured in the past as straightforward politicians still professing to be Liberals, but being willing to be 'crutches' to support a tottering party who have often felt the force of Mr. John Bright's scathing denunciations, as he has pointed out again and again, how they have always stood in the way of progress.—Yours, &c., A LOVER OF CONSISTENCY." The flutter of spirits which pervades these epistles is very edifying and remarkable. The "Lancashire Radical" in docking the naughty Sir George of his title, and reducing him back to plain Mistership, may be doing a deliberate and judicial act; but it savours more of what is rudely called by the vulgar "flustration" (or should it be called "flustration"?). The *provocatio populi*, the appeal to "the intelligent artisans who constitute the great majority of voters in the Hoxton Division of the Liberal and Radical Association of which [Mr. John Beauchamp] is President" might surely have struck the eminent President as a little ludicrous, unless indeed the object was merely to inform the public of the important office which he holds. But the "Lover of Consistency" bears the bell. The glorious breathlessness of his last sentence, in which four distinct relative clauses are embedded and enjelled (as Lord Tennyson would say) the one in the other, by the dint of "whom" and "who" and "as" and "how," is nearly good enough. But it is a trivial joy compared to the mild confession of this Gladstonian (who "has been a Liberal all his life," and has therefore within the last twelve or fifteen months turned his back on Liberalism and become a Home Ruler) that he "thought Liberals were men of principle." Yea, O Lover of Consistency who on the heights of Kilburn cultivatest principle, Liberals who are Liberals are men of principle, and therefore it is that Lord Hartington and his followers alone deserve the name. If the Lover of Consistency wants a "Mr. Facing-both-Ways, who claims to be a leader of the Liberal party," he will indeed have no difficulty in finding one. There is an embarrassment of them, from Sir William Harcourt gently stewing in the Parnellite juice he once denounced, to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, who has found salvation in burning the gods he adored. But among those about Lord Hartington the Lover of Consistency will find no one who is not facing exactly as he faced two, or it may be twenty, years ago.

Nevertheless, more power to the Burnley letter-bag. For the enemies of Gladstonianism at least can only be the more grateful to it the more it writes itself down—Gladstonian.

RUSSIAN TRAVELLERS IN INDIA.

III.

DR. PASHINO started on his second journey to India in the autumn of 1874. On the 28th of November he reached Bombay, and proceeded thence to Allahabad. While there he was greatly impressed by what he saw of the public offices and officials. "I do not know any better colonizers [he says] than the English. Out of 260 millions of inhabitants of India, including the troops, you will scarcely find 160,000 English. The European population being so small, it is evident that it would be impossible to govern the land without the co-operation of the Maharajas, and therefore it will be understood that the greater part of India belongs to Rajas." The English, he proceeds to say, have occupied only the frontiers of Hindustan and those places which are strategically important. They pay large sums to

the descendants of former chieftains of the Sikhs and other races which have rendered them services in past times, and they give lucrative posts to natives in every part of India. But what struck him most was the respect paid by the English to the manners and customs, the religions and the superstitions, of their native subjects. About this he had already spoken when he was giving an account of his first visit to India. But he lays still greater stress upon it when describing his stay there for the second time. The Hindus, he says, forbid Englishmen to drink from their vessels or to touch their wares, and the English put up with the prohibition. "The Hindus revere cows, and the English never eat cows or oxen; they never even permit rude observations to be made about those animals in the streets or bazaars. For instance, if any one were to say, 'Ah! how nice it would be to eat a beef-steak cut from that ox!' the other English would immediately exclaim:—'Hush, please! You know the Hindus revere cows exceedingly. Be content with a beefsteak from a sheep, which they will sell us.'" The Hindus, he goes on to say, are a patient race, but woe betide him who makes them lose their patience. "At present they are in raptures with the English administration, and they take pleasure in sending their children to the English schools." As regards taxation, he remarks:—"The taxes are, in general, heavy in India, but they are not so ruinous for the people as they may seem to be. Every Hindu is able to live a whole year on twelve rupees, inasmuch as he wears no clothes except one rag round his waist and another round his head. The well-to-do Hindus of the towns, who are always talking about heavy taxes, imposts, duties, and the like, of course pay more than the others." In fact, Dr. Pashino, throughout his book, shows no sympathy with the complaints against the Government made to him at various times by the natives with whom he talked. Of these complaints we have already given several specimens. Here is one more. An Arab Dervish, returning from Mecca on foot, and therefore walking incessantly to and fro in the railway carriage and making believe that he was tramping along the road, entered into conversation with Dr. Pashino. So did the Arab's companion, an Afghan, who was delighted when he was informed that his new acquaintance was a Mussulman, although a Russian subject. The following conversation ensued:—"You say that you are a Russian subject. What sort of queen reigns over you?" "We have not had a queen for a long time," I replied. "Since the death of the last one four emperors have reigned." "What is the name of the present one?" "Alexander; in your language Iskander." "Stop, stop! wasn't it he who conquered India; isn't a great deal said about him in the Scriptures?" "That Alexander, my friend, lived two thousand years ago." "Really; I thought he lived a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago. Just see what the memory of the people is like. Go to a halt of troops; what are they talking about? Of him. In the towns, in the mosques, between a couple of prayers, before and after sunset, what do men talk about? Why, about him. What do we dervishes talk about? About him, to be sure. Ha, ha, ha! what's the use of talking? He was a great man, he! Better than these English! What sort of things are said about them? Sit by a fireside; listen to the gossip. You'll hear—they're slanging the English. When the people gather together, they talk of how heavy the taxes are. And who levies these taxes? The English. The merchants pitch up business, the manufacturers bolt from their factories. And why? Because the English press them so hard. There is a place in the Scriptures which says that from the realm of darkness will come a great man, named Iskander, and will shoot his darts over all India and over the whole world, and all nations will bow down before him. Don't you know what is written about that Alexander?" "But in what Scripture have you read that?" I asked. "I can't say, I am not an educated man, but others have read, and I have heard it. The people say that the arrival of the Russians is expected here. I have been seven years in India, and everybody says that the Russians are close at hand."

The Afghan went on to say that he hoped a Russian Tsar Alexander would get to India, and that right soon. Dr. Pashino explained that he was a man of peace and commerce, who was not acquainted with Tsars, but still he would go so far as to say that the Russians might arrive some day or other. "How joyful should I be," replied the Afghan, "if that happened in my lifetime! How men talk in India about them! A people brave, magnanimous, and possessing vast strength and extraordinary power."

At Lahore Dr. Pashino met a Mussulman photographer, who asked him many questions about the Russians, wishing to know whether the "White Tsar" wore a white turban on his head, and was clothed from head to foot in white, as some visitors from Bokhara had informed him. He had also been told that when the Russians captured a city, the soldiers were allowed to commit all sorts of outrages with impunity. Finally, he wished for information as follows:—"Is it true that the Russians are starved for three days before a town is stormed, and that after it is taken they begin to devour Mussulman flesh, one eating a leg, another an arm, and a third a head?" The Doctor replied to these questions by a roar of laughter, whereupon his interrogator laughed too, and so did the bystanders, when the joke was translated for their benefit into Hindustani. Another person whose acquaintance Dr. Pashino made at Lahore was a Mussulman judge who had fled to Kashgar from Tashkent when that city was taken by the Russians, and had been sent as envoy to Constantinople by the Emir of Kashgar. He expressed a great desire to return to Tashkent, and the Doctor

assured him that nothing was easier. The ex-Envoy was delighted to hear that, and said:—"Our Emir has nobody about him who is more well disposed than I am towards a linking [*sbljenie*, i.e. *rapprochement*] of Kashgar with Russia, and on that subject he listens to me alone. From my point of view, all my missions to Constantinople are of no importance. All the cordiality of the English towards me, as the Envoy of the Emir of Kashgar, when he acknowledged himself to be a subject of the Turkish Porte, and therefore a friend to England, is nothing as compared with the work of increasing our interests and our links with Russia. For Russia is nearer than Stamboul to Kashgar; and as to the English possessions in India . . . there are mountain ranges to creep over, whereas you have a fort on our frontier, from which you can almost see our women gathering peas in their gardens. So that in that quarter there must decidedly be either a genuine friendship or a rupture. And in case of a rupture, how many hours will there be for us to live? Just as much time as the Russian soldier will require for traversing our land from one end to the other. I acknowledge and understand that. But there are many people among us who cry out 'War against the infidels! War against the infidels!' and don't know what it really is they are wishing for."

Dr. Pashino often talked about Turkestan with native officials at Lahore, and when he told them "of the greatness, might, and glory of the Russians, of their condescension towards the conquered race, of its freedom from military obligations, and of the diminution of taxes and tributes," he would frequently hear them exclaim, "Ah! how I should like to be there myself!" But to such exclamations he always responded, he says, by the information that they would be worse off there than in India; for, though they would have less to pay, they would themselves be paid very much less. They were astonished, but replied that they would surely be valued highly on account of their familiarity with the English language and with jurisprudence and book-keeping. Dr. Pashino dashed their hopes to the ground when he told them that "in all Turkestan it would be difficult to find two persons who know English," and that their acquaintance with English laws and police regulations would be of no use to them there. They were pleased, however, when he informed them that there are many Mussulman generals in the Russian service, and that several Mussulmans of princely rank are attached to the Court of the Russian Emperor. "Ah! ah!" they exclaimed. "It seemed strange to them [says the Doctor] that a Mussulman could attain to such a dignity."

On the 12th of January, 1875, Dr. Pashino received permission from the Government to proceed to Tashkent, and he determined to make the journey on foot, and disguised as a dervish or a peasant. But on the 28th of February he was suddenly informed that the permission was withdrawn. He was greatly astonished; but one of his English friends explained to him that the English Government suspected that he had come to India from Russia on a political mission, and it was on that account that he was forbidden to return to Tashkent by the route he proposed to take. Nothing daunted by this, he at first resolved to carry out his intention. So he called in a barber, who shaved his head and trimmed his moustaches "in Mussulman fashion." Then he clothed himself in a long shirt, with an Arab kaftan reaching to the ground over it, and prepared himself for his arduous undertaking. He did not, however, carry out his resolve. Following the advice of some of his friends he went to Umballa, intending to proceed thence by way of Peshawar and Ladak to Tashkent. But he met with a series of unpleasant adventures at various railway-stations, where his native costume induced certain officials to treat him with contempt. Ultimately he arrived at Bombay, whence he took ship for Bushire. During the years 1875-76 he again visited India, but he says little about that visit in the book now before us.

From first to last throughout that book Dr. Pashino speaks in high terms of the British Government in India, and of the higher authorities. With officials of a lower grade he was sometimes brought into disagreeable contact, and those persons he does not praise. As regards a possible conquest of India by Russia, he evidently looks upon it as a dream which is never likely to be realized. In this he is in accord with most of the intelligent Russians with whom we have ever talked on the subject. We cannot do better than conclude with a quotation from the preface of a work about India (*Ocherki Tselona i Indii* [Sketches of Ceylon and India]. St. Petersburg: 1878), written ten years ago by the well-known Pali scholar, Professor Minaev, of the University of St. Petersburg. Here are his words:—"He who on the spot has studied in India the rule of the English, and who has not, allured by a falsely understood patriotism, shut his eyes to all the good done by the English there—he certainly will be far from conceiving any idea about the possibility of a new foreign hegemony over the Indians. The stimulus to the study of India in Russia ought not to be a deceptive, anti-patriotic plan of grandiose conquests. It is necessary for us to know well the first and richest of the domains of England, because England in Asia is our neighbour and rival everywhere. The successful result of our rivalry will be found to depend upon our knowledge of the British rule at home and in her colonies and possessions beyond the seas. The better and the more dispassionately we appreciate what is done by England the truer will be our own success."

THE NEWNHAM MYSTERY.

[The plane-tree which was planted by Mr. Gladstone at Newnham Ladies' College, Cambridge, has been uprooted and carried away by some person unknown. Several different firms of photographers in the town received orders to take groups of ladies round the tree, and upon sending to the College the discovery was made.]

"MAIDS of Newnham, cluster round!
Elegant's my speech and sound!
Where my presence blessed your sight,
Let a plane-tree spring to light!"
Thus the old Magician bland
Spake, a sapling in his hand.

"Maids of Newnham, well ye know,
Underneath my stalwart blow,
When plebeian voices call,
Oaks and Constitutions fall;
Elms and Unions break and split
When I'm in my hewing fit."

"But they wrong me, maidens true
(As I may complain to you)
When they say I love to see
Nothing but a falling tree;
Mark this sapling! this I'll plant—
Where's the maiden says I shan't?"

"This shall burgeon like my fame,
Spread like my immortal name,
And a living token be
Of my dauntless constancy;
Serpule may to scruple call,
This (and I) outlive them all."

Blithely went those maids to bed,
Happy dreams sought every head;
Dreams of guilty Unions broken,
And a sweet immortal token;
Dreams beneath a mighty tree
In Gladstonian heptarchy.

Gaily, at the break of day
Every maiden danced away,
Keen to view the glorious plane,
Type of Gladstone's lasting reign:—
Ah! too true, that Prophet's might!
The tree had vanished in the night.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

THERE has been no more pathetic figure than that of Philip Marston in our recent literary annals. In his fourth year he became blinded by cataract, and an operation, which was successful for the moment, did not finally restore his sight. From childhood to the day of his death he was totally blind; in one of the rare instances where he has touched upon his bereavement in his poetry he speaks of "the densest midnight of my life." To lack sight is a terrible thing to the wealthy, to the adroit, to the cheerful; and Marston was poor and unskilful and without hope. Of late his bodily health had been declining, and last Monday he died. He had many friends, and friends of exceptional tenderness. Not one of them would be cruel enough to wish him back. The facts of his history are briefly given. He was born on the 13th of August, 1850, and was therefore when he died half way through his thirty-seventh year. In 1870 he published his first volume of poems, *Song-Tide*, a book of singular promise for a youth of twenty. We learn in the recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, as published since his death by more than one disciple, that the high regard for these verses expressed by Rossetti was not the mere result of a desire to cheer the darkness of the writer. The book was better received than either of its successors, and a second edition was presently called for. It was the record, mainly in sonnets, of what the author called "an ordinary but bitter phase of love," a heart passionately attached, and without hope of favourable response. In *All in All* (1875), a volume also principally in sonnets, a love rewarded by affection and a heart made satisfied for the moment are dashed to the ground by bereavement. The writer promised a third division, to be entitled *A Pilgrimage*. This never appeared; but in 1883 he published a collection of miscellaneous poems entitled *Wind Voices*. Of late he had written stories, many of which have appeared in American periodicals; he wrote these because it was necessary to him to eke out his slender income, and because his infirmity closed all other paths to literary work that would pay. But it is his verse by which his name must stand or fall.

His talent was a very real one, delicate, distinguished, impassioned. The main drawback to his verse, its want of variety and general interest, was incident on his peculiar circumstances. He sang in a darkened chamber, and he could only repeat certain notes, with a limited variation. His poetry, indeed, suggests some

curious reflections as to the degree to which an observation of external nature can be unwittingly feigned. Marston had an extraordinary objection, which added greatly to his own social discomfort, to any reference being made to the fact of his blindness. This personal scruple was repeated in his verse, in which every effort was made to seem as though the writer shared the advantages of those whose sight is perfect. It is true that the objects described are conventional—"red roses," "grey skies," and "soft white wings"; but it is matter for surprise that a poet blind from infancy should bring colour and form into his verse at all. There is all the difference in the world between these perfunctory images and the subtle, often singularly exquisite, allusions to perfume and sound. Some of Marston's lines about the wind have scarcely been surpassed. In his earliest volume he cried:—

Blow, autumn wind of this tempestuous night!
Roar through this garden, and bear down these trees;
Surely to-night thy voice is as the sea's,
And all my heart exultant in thy might,

and the same intense sympathy with the various voices of the wind animates what is perhaps the most beautiful of all his pieces, the dialogue called "The Rose and the Wind." He had a very delicate ear, and one of the best features of his poetry is its melodious and highly-finished quality as verse.

We have been careful not to risk falling into excess of enthusiasm concerning a poet whose early death we deplore, and for whose character and talents we had a high esteem. We will, therefore, allow a great man, who was the dead poet's guide and friend, to speak on his behalf. Philip Bourke Marston received the high distinction of being addressed in the following sonnet by Dante Gabriel Rossetti:—

Sweet Poet, thou of whom these years that roll
Must one day yet the burdened birthright learn,
And by the darkness of thine eyes discern
How piercing was the sight within thy soul;—
Gifted apart, thou goest to the great goal,
A cloud-bound radiant spirit, strong to earn
Light-raft, that prize for which loud myriads yearn
Vainly light-blest—the Seer's aureole;
And dost thine ear, divinely dowered to catch
All spherul sounds in thy song blest so well,
Still hearken for my voice's slumbering spell
With wistful love? Ah! let the Muse now snatch
My wreath for thy young brows, and bend to watch
Thy veiled transfiguring sense's miracle.

AT LA SCALA.

THE three most famous works that have been produced at the great Milanese opera-house are Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra* (1817), Bellini's *Norma* (1831), and Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* (1834). It is somewhat singular that the first of these narrowly missed being hissed, the second was a complete fiasco, and the third fell flat. Rossini had offended the Milanese, who made up their minds to have their revenge; but the attractions of the new opera disarmed the plotters, and the first night went off triumphantly. *Norma* and *Lucrezia* have often since been performed at Milan with success, and the reason why they failed to hit the mark at once is still a mystery. It was not for the Scala, but for the old Grand Ducal theatre which preceded it, that Mozart wrote his boyish operas, *Mitridate* and *Lucio Silla*. The existing opera-house was opened in 1776, having been erected by a committee of Lombard noblemen, on a scale of what was then unheard-of magnificence. It passed into the possession of the box-holders, to whom it still belongs. This is the case with the opera-house in most Italian towns. The box-holders are the proprietors, and they either assume the management themselves by means of an executive committee or entrust it to an impresario, who receives a stated amount and also whatever profits accrue from the entrance-fee and from the pit and stalls. In some instances a municipal subvention goes towards defraying the expenses. The Italian looks upon his box at the opera as upon his own drawing-room; he is on his private ground, and he receives his friends with less trouble than, but otherwise in exactly the same way as, if he were at home. During the long period of Austrian ascendancy La Scala was the heart and soul of Milan. To most foreigners it seemed that people who waxed so excited over a new musical work must be perfectly contented with their lot, and would certainly never raise a hand against the political state of things then prevailing. Heine, who was at Milan in 1823, describes (or perhaps invents) how an Englishman said to a pale Italian with a jet-black beard, "You Italians appear to be dead to everything save music, which is the only thing which seems to excite you." The answer of the "pale one" is very remarkable, and might almost be called prophetic when read by the light of subsequent events. "Ah!" sighed he, "Italy sits elegiacally dreaming on her ruins, and when she is at times suddenly awakened by the melody of a song, and springs wildly up, this sudden inspiration is not due to the song itself, but rather to the ancient memories and feelings which the song has awakened—which Italy has ever borne in her heart, and which now mightily gush forth—and this is the meaning of the wild tumult which you have heard in La Scala."

Of all the *furori*, the most frantic was that created by the Malibran performances in 1835-6. The number of the *habitués* in those years is fast diminishing now; but the survivors still speak with undiminished enthusiasm of that legendary epoch. One of the parts which Malibran played most frequently at La Scala, and which, according to all testimony, she made most thoroughly her own, was Desdemona in Rossini's *Otello*. She had been trained for it by her father—a frightful tyrant, but a splendid master; and she had often performed Desdemona to his Othello. She used to relate that in the last act Garcia seemed so terribly in earnest that she more than once really thought he was going to kill her. When *Otello* was produced at the Théâtre Italien in Paris, Desdemona was represented by Pasta. Rossini was, therefore, more fortunate than any composer of these days can hope to be in the representatives of his heroine, into whose mouth he put some of the most pathetic music ever written; but his work was marred from the beginning by the foolishness of the libretto, which ends with the exclamation "Ah!!" uttered by all present on the stage when Othello kills himself. To give everybody his due, we will admit that the librettist Berio had one happy inspiration—that of making a gondolier sing under Desdemona's window Dante's lines on the "crowning crown of sorrow"; the incident is not beyond the bounds of possibility, and the effect is highly poetic. But besides this there is not much to be said for the Marquis Berio. Verdi has been infinitely more fortunate in his poet—not that Beito has not taken liberties with his subject; the interpolation of much that has no place at all in the play, and the total omission of the first act, are liberties of a sufficiently grave order. But the characters are Shakspeare's characters, and speak as it is conceivable to suppose their originals would have spoken. Judged as a poem, the libretto has considerable merit. The already famous "Ave Maria" introduced into the last act, after Desdemona has dismissed Emilia, and before she lies down, is so beautiful that we are tempted to give it—all the more that it may suffer some modifications before it is sung on an English stage:—

Ave Maria piena di grazia, eletta
Fra le spose e le vergini sei tu,
Sia benedetto il frutto, o benedetta,
Di tue materne viscere, Gesù.
Prega per chi adorando a te si prostra,
Prega pel peccatore, per l'innocente
E pel debole oppresso, e pel possente,
Misero anch'esso, tua pietà dimostra;
Prega per chi sotto l'oltraggio piega
La fronte e sotto la malvagia sorte;
Per noi tu prega
Sempre e nell'ora della morte nostra.
Ave Maria!

The first four lines are sung upon one note, supported by an orchestral accompaniment of great beauty—then the voice takes up the melody, which on the first night produced a strong impression, and which may prove the most popular number in the score. The *première* makes an interesting addition to the historic "events" at La Scala. The Lombard aristocracy would have been there in large numbers had not death this year placed several of the chief families in mourning, but there were sufficient present to make it a brilliant scene, and musical notabilities from all parts of the world mustered in force. In a box, with Arrigo Boito, sat Verdi's second wife, who as Giuseppina Strepponi sang in *Nabucco*, his earliest opera. It was she who persuaded the composer, somewhat against his will, to leave his country estate, in order to direct the rehearsals, and be present on the first night. An old friend of Verdi's, Count Zorzi of Vicenza, who has been one of the audience at the first representation of every work produced by the composer in Italy for the last forty-three years, arrived punctually at Milan on the eve of *Otello*. "Why don't you go to the Senate now and then," he said to Verdi, who is a member of that body, "and say something in favour of the bands and musical institutions?" "No, *caro Conte*," was the reply, "I am old, and I do not disturb myself about bands and musical institutions; I have only one thought which absorbs me entirely, and that is—agriculture."

THE FAWCETT MEMORIAL.

IT is almost as difficult to find the Fawcett Memorial in Westminster Abbey as, according to Theodore Hook's ballad, it used to be to find the London University. It stands under a little window in the most remote corner of the Baptistry, so high that even on a bright day it is needful to get up on a chair to make out the details properly. But it is well worth the difficulty of search. It is a new departure in public sculpture, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., deserves no small praise for so bold and so successful a revolt against monumental conventionality. The position—which, as we have said, is a little too high—is due to the exigencies of the architecture. The monument fills one of the original arches; and, if the sculptor had not been hampered with some Elizabethan woodwork below, his work would seem in all respects like a natural growth of the building, as sculpture combined with architecture always should look.

The monument consists of three portions, one above the other.

The topmost contains a dark bronze bust of Fawcett, in high relief, against a gold ground. The second consists of a frieze of seven small figures, in the round; and the third is an inscription, on a vermillion surface, supported by corbels with winged figures. On one of these corbels is a profile of Fawcett, and on the other his coat of arms. The whole work glows with colour. The figures, which are in bronze, are some of them left in their natural tone, while others have a patina of gold, sometimes dim and pale, sometimes darker or brighter. In certain cases the figure is gilded, and the drapery or attributes bronze. Sympathy, for instance, is represented as a light gold figure of a nude woman, encompassed by a network of dark-bronze vines. The figures of the frieze are Brotherhood, an old man seated, with sheaves of corn and a reaping-hook; Zeal, a female saint; Justice, a most picturesque and Diireresque figure, with scales and ample drapery; Fortitude, in the centre, a young knight in full armour; Sympathy; Industry with her beehive; and another conception of Brotherhood. The amount of invention expended on the most minute portions of this work, its extraordinary beauty of detail, and its reverent sympathy with the character and history of the noble Gothic fane which it adorns, are worthy of the highest praise.

As we turn from examining this exquisite little monument, the grandeur of the proportions of the Abbey is felt with peculiar vividness. This is not the usual effect of gazing at the sculpture which is placed there, and as we pass between the huge white statues of our recent statesmen, we cannot help asking ourselves how soon these pompous works will be removed to the Green outside, which is their fit and proper place. We believe that it was in Chantrey's days that the vicious custom of making statues for the Abbey over life-size first came into fashion. The ambition of sculptors now seems to be to make each figure a little larger than any before, and as we glance into Poets' Corner we see the new Longfellow bust, enormous, like the head of a river-god. The answer made to an objector always is, that unless the size of the figure is exaggerated, the statue does not "tell," as though the primary object in all such cases were to gratify the ostentation of the sculptor. The fantastic and grotesque groups of the last century have their obvious faults, but they do not err by the preposterous immodesty of the Victorian statues. Perhaps the lowest mark of contempt for the Abbey itself is to be found in connexion with a work of Gibson's, where the observer may note that part of the architectural decoration has been knocked away, simply because it presumed to throw a shadow over the modern sculptor's precious figure. It is satisfactory to think that such sacrilege as this could hardly take place to-day, and we draw attention to Mr. Gilbert's modest and beautiful monument as being, we hope, the herald of much sculpture of a kind appropriate to the Gothic splendours of the Abbey.

CONCERTS.

THE two Cantatas which formed the programme of last Saturday's concert at the Crystal Palace deserve to be ranked among the triumphs of the rising English school. It speaks well for the vitality of musical taste among us that neither of these works, enriched as each is with all the modern resources of the art, moves on exactly parallel lines with the direction of any of the modern schools. It would really appear as if we were becoming once more able to produce in England music with a flavour of its own. Mr. Stanford's setting of Lord Tennyson's story of the *Revenge*, perhaps unavoidably from the intention of its structure, rarely displays to the full that sustained breadth of treatment of which we know him capable. But given the strong infusion of ballad-like themes and the popular nature of much of the music, it must be confessed that the composer has carried out his task with the spirit and originality of a true artist. Coming after such a fully treated and seriously conceived work as Mr. Mackenzie's *Story of Sayid*, *The Revenge* probably stood at some disadvantage, and it is a proof of power that it appeared animated and effective in such a position. Of Mr. Mackenzie's last achievement one cannot but speak with respect, though it would be rash and premature to pronounce with decision on the merits and final place of a work of such scope and ambition. One thing may be said with certainty; even on a first hearing listeners will find this music by no means vague and baffling. Owing no doubt to the directing compulsion of words, it appears more straightforward in intention and more motivated in structure than the composer's complicated symphonic writings. Instances of padding, of an unspontaneous and meaningless development of figures, are fortunately rarer than in the bulk of modern picturesque music. Strains of strong and marked melody are woven on the complicated canvas without being lost in the labyrinthine arabesque of the design. *Sayid* is called a dramatic cantata; but, as it is a cantata, Mr. Mackenzie should not, as he occasionally does, treat portions of the work in a specifically dramatic manner. This, as it were, momentarily opens a window upon an outside world, and the glimpse darkens the colour of the inside world. It reminds one, in fact, of a scene where there are actors and action, and for a second or so puts one out of humour with the less gesticulative character of the cantata convention. The short symphonic entries to both the first and second parts (for there are no overtures) at once show the composer's supple and melodious conduct of the orchestra. Quaintly instrumented,

too, is a symphony near the beginning in imitation of a horseman; but in two marches the power of the composer chiefly comes out. We have heard no symphonic work of his with a broader unity than these comparatively short pieces. They hit directly to the purpose and without waste of material. That in the first part to which Sayid rides a captive in the train of Sawa deals with a picturesque material, for the most part, lightly and with a graceful restraint. That in the second part, called a "Solemn March," is perhaps the high-water mark of the whole work in point of loftiness of feeling and power of execution. The trio flows tranquilly, in excellent contrast to the imposing pomp of the main subject; and yet an admirable sympathy unites both in a common feeling of grandeur. The march forms an instrumental page worthy of Berlioz. Though they may not equal this march in elevation of sentiment, many of the vocal numbers have been conceived in a vein of fine tunefulness. Sayid's solo (tenor) in the first part, "Where sets the sun," in spite of its length and variety, shows no evidence of any cold-blooded glueing together of fragments, but appears rather as a pleasing and natural tissue of melody. In the part of Ilmas (soprano) two noticeable songs occur, "First of the Prophet's warriors he," and "O Love, thy car triumphal," which contain some fine stirring passages, rousing one rather by the cut of the phrases than by a coarse appeal to noise. A soft female chorus, "Sweet the balmy days of spring," at once graceful and uncommon, opens the second part, and introduces the last-mentioned soprano air. After the return of Sayid, which is admirably set, one notices a slight decline in force and interest, fortunately somewhat atoned for by the spirit and tremulous emotion of the *Finale* (ensemble), "O Love, thy car triumphal." Miss Annie Marriott sang with fervour and expression in the part of Ilmas, and Mr. Barton McGuckin and Mr. Watkin Mills acquitted themselves fairly in those of Sayid and Sawa.

Mr. Stanford uses no soloists in his *Revenge*. He gives the speeches of Sir Richard Grenville, Lord Howard, and the seamen to different parts in the chorus. Some of this dialogue is very spirited and natural, and has a certain flavour of the nautical song about it. Still, on the whole, we prefer the more musically serious choruses, where Mr. Stanford's power of sustained effort has due play. Amongst other fine and striking effects, we may notice the simple yet admirably picturesque treatment of the line "With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow," the fugal beginning of the fight, the fine change in the character of the music which brings in the cessation of battle and the fall of night, and the strange cut of the melody in the funeral march of Sir Richard Grenville.

The programme of Mr. Schönberger's second pianoforte recital, which took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, contained a sufficient variety of music by composers later than Beethoven. Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Chopin, Liszt, Raff, Henselt, and Rubinstein were all heard. Mr. Schönberger must unquestionably be compared only with the greatest players of the day. It has been said that he is a Rubinstein without the fault of uncertainty. Nothing could be more unjust to the great interpreter of our time, who is far more than a mere virtuoso, and plays like an artist and a composer. One leaves a Rubinstein concert in the frame of mind in which it pleases Herr Rubinstein to put one, but always whirled away from one's cooler judgment by the witchery of a great enchanter. Mr. Schönberger may have most of the executive gifts of Rubinstein; indeed, he has more than mere technique; but he has neither the distinction nor the rapt and passionate abandonment of the greater artist. He is a somewhat cold magician; one looks on and wonders with a kind of awe at his powers as a thing almost inhuman as well as superhuman. He opened with Schubert's *Sonata in A minor*, Op. 42, and seemed to lack a certain sensuous joy which Rubinstein would have felt in the grand rush of the main theme of the first movement. His execution was simply marvellous, however, in its brilliant hardness, and in its precision as sure as fate. One feels all the while the impossibility of those hammer-like fingers ever coming down on the wrong note, too loudly or too softly, too soon or too late. It would be impossible to play more like a perfect machine, and still remain, as he is, an artist gifted with a feeling for different styles and sentiments. His performance of Schumann's *Fantasiestücke* showed an improvement in the quality of his touch, while he in no way suffered any diminution of agility and force. Mendelssohn's Seventeen "Variations Sérieuses," Op. 54, brought out almost all his magazine of effects, runs of wonderful clearness as if made with steel hammers, limpid cantabile, rushes and scrambles of the most appalling sort. But perhaps the music in which he appeared at his best was a selection of short pieces by Chopin. Here he showed real feeling and tenderness, and proved himself in admirable sympathy with his composer. With a finger alternately steel and velvet, he managed to render the strange mixture of incision and softness of such pieces as "Nocturne," Op. 37, No. 2, Mazurka A Flat, and Fantasia, Op. 49, in a way that we have rarely seen surpassed.

THE COPTIC CHURCH OF EGYPT.

A REMARKABLE paper on the Coptic Church of Egypt, exhibiting both historical and theological learning and personal familiarity with the scenes and some of the incidents referred to, appears in the current number of the *Church Quarterly*. It is

not signed, but internal evidence strongly suggests the authorship of a distinguished English divine and preacher who has recently been travelling in the East. Be that as it may, there is much in his handling of the subject which cannot fail to challenge the attention of a large circle of readers, while the subject itself is one of which so little is generally known in this country, even by those deeply interested in religious questions, that we can hardly be wrong in offering a comment on so luminous an exposition of its bearings both in the present and the past. For while it is difficult to recognize the pristine vigour of Egyptian Christianity in its present depressed condition, the writer justly reminds us that in no part of the Empire did the Christian faith take root at the beginning so quickly or so deeply as in Egypt. And that not only, or even chiefly, among the Hellenized portion of the population, where the influence of Platonism and the spread of the Septuagint might help to pave the way, but among the bulk of the Egyptians, whose ancestral religion, in spite of its conspicuous corruption alike of doctrine and practice, was yet, "in some of its fundamental ideas, and even in the type of character it tended to produce, a *Præparatio Evangelica*." And here it may be noted that the history of Egyptian religion, so far as we have any evidence to guide us, does not at all bear out the notion of some modern theorists that the higher and more spiritual conception of the Deity is the outcome of a gradual evolution from some early form of fetishism. On the contrary, as Mr. Renouf points out in his *Hibbert Lectures*, "the sublimer portions are demonstrably ancient, and the last stage was by far the grossest and most corrupt." M. Emmanuel de Rougé speaks in the same sense, and insists that "it is more than 5,000 years since the hymn to the unity of God and the immortality of the soul began in the valley of the Nile," where at a later date the grossest polytheism prevailed. The reviewer illustrates the same point from his own inspection of Egyptian tombs of the Ancient Empire, which present no such idolatrous representations as are commonly seen in those of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and succeeding dynasties. Moreover it is remarkable that in Egypt the use of strictly monotheistic language long survived alongside of polytheistic rites, testifying apparently to a continued belief in one Supreme Deity, though worshipped under different aspects and names. And with this theistic belief there went, as its natural concomitant, a firm belief in the immortality of man. "To no people of the ancient world was the life after death so much a matter of daily anticipation as to the Egyptians," whence Diodorus tells us that "they called their houses inns, but their tombs eternal dwelling-places." Over the lintel of these tombs was frequently inscribed a prayer for the departed, for they believed not only in a future life, but in judgment after death. And these two fundamental principles of the old Egyptian faith—its monotheism and its eschatology—heavily overlaid as they were by later incrustations of gross and sometimes grotesque error, could not but afford a powerful *fulcrum* for the early preachers of the Gospel. How indeed they dealt with it, and how their triumphs were won, we know much less than we should like to know. The most prominent historic figures of that old Egyptian Church were Alexandrians, who thought and spoke in Greek. We know how they utilized or corrected the teachings of Hellenic philosophy, but what attitude they or their fellows assumed towards the national Egyptian cult we know not. And therefore the history of the conversion of Egypt has yet to be written, if it should ever be recovered by a process not less slow and toilsome than that of the archaeologists who essay painfully to decipher the cuneiform inscriptions on the mouldering ruins of Nineveh.

But if our knowledge of the early successes of Christianity in Egypt is scanty and uncertain, we can put our finger at once on the causes of its subsequent decline, which dates from the rise of the Monophysite or Eutychian heresy in the fifth century, and this, as so often happens in religious controversies, wore to Egyptian eyes a national rather than a theological aspect. The time indeed is long past when even a Gibbon could plausibly sneer at the Christian world being divided into hostile camps about "the difference of a single diphthong." Writers so widely divergent both from each other and from the standard of Christian orthodoxy as Mr. Cotter Morison and the late Mr. Carlyle have declared their emphatic conviction that in these "metaphysical hairsplittings," as some ignorantly term them, the very existence of Christianity was at stake. The former writer observes with much force that "the difference between *ἐκκοινωνία* and *ἐκκοινωνισμός* is only that of a single letter, but as Emile Saisset well said, Probe the matter to the bottom, and between Christ, man, and Christ, Man-God, there is infinity; there is, so to speak, the whole thickness of Christianity." And he adds that the subsequent controversies, like the Monothelite and Monophysite, grew necessarily out of the Arian. But in such cases the gravity and precise point of the real question involved often becomes clearer in after ages than at the time, when it is apt to be complicated by all sorts of collateral and irrelevant issues. Eutyches was morally a more respectable character than Dioscorus, and the vulgar Egyptian idea at the time was that it was really a question between loyalty to their own great doctor, St. Cyril, and submission to a Nestorian clique backed by Court influence at Constantinople. And thus, as the reviewer puts it, "the line of cleavage followed the division of race. The native population of the country was Monophysite, the Græco-Roman settlers and officials were Catholic," and the former party had both numbers and

the whole weight of national feeling on their side. On this divided and therefore paralysed religious community broke in the seventh century the great wave of Mahometan conquest, and in an evil hour for themselves the Coptic Church cast in their lot with the conqueror. The fate of Egypt was decided when the old Roman fortress of Babylon, to the south of modern Cairo, was treacherously betrayed to the Arabs in 638. The immediate result was the complete triumph of Monophysitism, but the victory was dearly purchased. From that day to this with occasional intermissions the history of Christianity in Egypt has been a long record of persecution and insult, "one prolonged agony endured for the cause of Christ," and the only marvel is that it has not been stamped out altogether.

It seems clear then that, apart from all purely theological or ecclesiastical considerations on the importance of Christian unity, the first condition of any lasting revival of Egyptian Christianity is the reunion of the Coptic with the Orthodox Eastern Church, from which it has been separated for the last thirteen centuries. And there would appear to be the less difficulty about this, inasmuch as the personal and national jealousies which had so much to do with the origin of the schism are long since forgotten, and there is reason to believe that the theological difference between the rival Churches, however vital in itself, has now at all events become a matter of terminology rather than of ideas. The reviewer himself believes—and he evidently speaks from information obtained at first hand on the spot—that "the Copts mean by one Nature what we mean by one Person," and he tells a curious and indeed tragical story which goes far to confirm the accuracy of this view. It appears that some thirty years ago Cyril, the then Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria, entered into cordial relations with the contemporary Orthodox Patriarch, and a warm friendship sprang up between them. This led to mutual discussions and explanations on the religious controversy, till they finally convinced each other that there was no heterodox belief on either side. "The Orthodox Patriarch pronounced the doctrine of the Egyptian Church, as explained by Cyril, to be orthodox, and he concluded that the Coptic and Orthodox Churches ought to be one." Nor only so. He went further, and with a commendable and not too common self-abnegation he agreed that the supremacy of Cyril should be recognized, while he would himself resign the patriarchate and take the lower office of metropolitan of the resident Greeks. He publicly announced this decision to his clergy assembled in the Patriarchal Church, and a day had been actually fixed for the formal consummation of the union, when it was suddenly whispered that Cyril—on whom all depended—was dead. The explanation is not far to seek. It had been the immemorial practice of the Mahometan rulers to play off one Christian sect against another, and they were not willing to be hauled off their prey. The method of procedure adopted is unpleasantly suggestive of the worst traditions of the Italian Renaissance. The Coptic Patriarch was politely invited by the Turkish authorities to give a friendly explanation of the project of reunion; the interview began as usual with a cup of coffee, and the Patriarch returned to his house to die. It is not surprising to hear that since then Egyptian Patriarchs, whether Orthodox or Coptic, have trembled at the very name of reunion. Meanwhile the most effectual way of promoting that end and of elevating the religious condition of the native Christians generally must be sought in the better education of the Copts and especially of their clergy, who are not as a rule so well educated as the laity. There are indeed brilliant exceptions, and the reviewer refers in illustration of it to Felthaus, archpriest of St. Mary's Cathedral at Cairo, "a man of high character and an accomplished theologian, of whom any Church might be proud." He is also a powerful preacher, though preaching is rare in Egypt, and his sermons in the Cathedral attract large congregations, among whom are to be seen even the white turbans of Moslems. We can readily believe with the reviewer that the erratic zeal of Scottish and American Presbyterians in Egypt for proselytizing not Moslems but native Christians is a zeal without knowledge, and tends to the religious unsettlement of the young who come under their influence without really converting them to any form of positive belief.

THE BALLAD CONCERT.

WOULD it not be well during the present *encore* fever, which has set in with such vigour this season, if the directors of concerts placed at the foot of their programmes a note to this effect—"That at the close of the second part the performance will recommence *da capo*?" The artists and the public would benefit greatly thereby. The performers would be able to make arrangements for double salaries, and the audience would know better how to get home without missing possibly the very piece they came to hear. Wednesday evening's concert at the St. James's Hall was attended by an enormous audience, and almost every piece was redemanded, so that it was very late when the wicked lads in the gallery ceased from troubling and the unfortunate and all too-complacent artists were at rest. The selection of ballads and popular chorals was excellent, but contained nothing very

novel, unless it be Harrington's famous "Dame Durden," and the still quainter old Scottish chorus "Kate Dalrymple," both exquisitely rendered by Mr. Venables's choir. Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli seems desirous of proving that she is indeed the worthy daughter of a worthy mother, and sang twice, the first time the "Polonaise" from *Mignon*, and the second "Within a mile o' Edinburgh town." Why the elaborate "Polonaise" from *Mignon* was set down as a ballad is a mystery, which is only explained, perhaps, by the opportunity which it affords Mlle. Trebelli of displaying her exceptionally fluent vocalization. This young lady, in whose career all musicians must feel much interest, if only out of regard for her famous mother, has a good soprano voice, of rich and sympathetic quality in the lower and middle registers, but showing a tendency to harshness in the extreme *acuti*, which are likewise by no means free from the tremolo which just now seems to afflict most young singers. These defects apart, Mlle. Trebelli sings charmingly, with taste and ease. Nothing could have been better than her rendering of the famous laughing song from Auber's *Manon Lescaut*, given by way of encore; the heartiness of the silvery laugh and the high staccato notes which it introduces being perfect. Mr. Santley, who was evidently suffering from hoarseness, had to repeat—rather unwillingly, too—each of his songs. The same fate befell Mr. Lloyd, who was in excellent form; and of course Mesdames Antoinette Sterling, Davies, and Winant, all of whom sang admirably, had to do double work. Signor Bottesini was the violoncellist, and Miss F. Davies was the pianiste. Both did themselves great credit; exceptionally so the young lady, a new comer, who has a vigorous and brilliant touch and a graceful style.

AUSTRALASIAN BORROWING.

THE Queensland Loan brought out this week forces upon public attention once more the haste with which our Colonies are piling up debt. We are all proud of our Colonies, of their rapid growth, their patriotism and energy, and their magnificent future, and we hope to see the connexion between them and the mother-country drawn closer, to the benefit of both, and the strengthening of the Empire. The growth of Colonial debt, then, is a matter of scarcely less concern to us than to the Colonies themselves; and from another point of view it can hardly be described as a less concern at all. The whole of the debt has been borrowed in this country, and the lenders are the pre-eminently saving classes, the cautious, prudent people who prefer a secure income to a high interest, and who invest much the greater part of their money in Consols, railway debentures, guaranteed and preference stocks, and Colonial bonds. Along with these there are others, of course, who buy Colonial bonds, who may be called to a certain extent speculative investors, since they insure themselves for the risks they run in their speculative investments by buying the safer investments, amongst which are reckoned Colonial Government bonds. It is to be feared that the recent action of the Colonial Governments will soon have an injurious effect on their credit, and will make investors doubt whether the bonds are quite as safe as heretofore they have been considered. It would of course be exaggeration savouring of sensationalism to affirm that the Colonies have already borrowed beyond their means; but unquestionably the Colonies are borrowing too rapidly, and if they go on at the present rate the time will come when their embarrassments will plunge them into very serious difficulties. Limiting our notice for the present to the Australasian Colonies, and selecting, in the first place, Queensland, not because she is the worst sinner, for that she is not, but because she is the most recent applicant in the London market, we would invite investors to consider some of the facts which we proceed to lay before them. For it is a matter for investors quite as much as for the Colonial Governments. A variety of circumstances are strongly tempting the Colonial Governments to borrow just at present, when prices of all kinds of securities are exceedingly high, and consequently it is difficult for an investor to find a stock of any kind which will yield him a moderately good, and at the same time a safe, income. Add to this that the attempt, a couple of years ago, of Mr. Childers, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, to convert Consols, drove large numbers of Consol-holders to sell out Consols and buy Colonial Government bonds. Then, again, the state of the Continent has frightened large numbers out of foreign Government bonds, and these are transferring their investments to Colonial bonds amongst other things. Frankly, we must admit that the temptation of the Colonial Governments is strong. They can borrow on favourable terms, and human nature is likely to give way to a temptation of the kind. There are many in London, too, who are likely to aid in furthering new loans. The agents who bring out the loans profit thereby; the intermediaries of all kinds who are employed also make profits; and, lastly, the powerful syndicate which always applies for Colonial Government loans, and holds them until the investing public is ready to take the stock from them, reckons upon making a handsome profit. Until the investing public, then, takes the matter into its own hands, and intimates pretty plainly to the Colonial Governments that more moderation must be used, we fear that Colonial borrowing will go on. As yet the Colonies have not gone too far. If they will act a little more prudently, they have a magnificent future before them; but if they go on borrowing at the present rate, great as their resources are, they will heavily overweight their future.

The colony of Queensland has a vast and magnificent territory. Its area is 668,224 square miles—about equal, that is, to Austria-Hungary, Italy and Sicily, Sweden and Norway, all taken together. But for the greater part this vast territory is unsettled. When the Census of 1881 was taken, the population of Queensland was 213,525—about equal, that is, to a third-rate English provincial town. Practically, therefore, the population is scattered thinly over a mere fringe of a vast unoccupied and uncultivated territory. The colony, being new, is composed mainly of persons who have gone there to seek their fortunes—of persons, that is, who take with them little capital, and as yet have scarcely had time to accumulate much savings. It is an extremely industrious, progressive, and prosperous population, but a population whose wealth consists mainly in the human beings themselves. In the real interests of the colony it is most desirable that the drain upon its resources for public purposes should not be great. Yet we find that in 1883, the last year for which we have the accounts, the expenditure of Queensland amounted to very nearly 2½ millions sterling, or about 8l. 7s. 6d. for every man, woman, and child in the colony. It is true that only a portion of this expenditure was defrayed out of taxation; but even so the taxation was heavy—it was as much as 3l. 9s. 5d. per head. A very large part of the expenditure was due to the magnitude of the debt. In 1883 the debt of Queensland amounted to a trifle under 15 millions sterling, being 51l. 17s. 2d. for every man, woman, and child in the colony. Since then Queensland has gone on borrowing so rapidly that its debt, according to the Stock Exchange official list, amounts—without reckoning the loan issued this week—to 19,393,000l., which the new loan of 2½ millions raises to very nearly 22 millions sterling. The population of 213,000 has grown in the six years since the Census very considerably. The rate of growth may be assumed to be 1 per cent. per annum; but yet it will be seen that the growth of the debt has been much more rapid still. Since 1883—that is, in four years—about seven millions sterling have been added to the debt, or not far short of fifty per cent. We have said that we have chosen Queensland as an illustration rather than because she is the worst sinner. The whole of the Colonies are carrying on the same policy, and notoriously New Zealand has offended more than the others. In 1883 the aggregate debts of the Australasian Colonies amounted to 109,122,395l., being 35l. 5s. 10d. for every man, woman, and child in the Colonies, and since then the borrowing has proceeded merrily. During the past two years alone, about 32½ millions sterling have been borrowed by those Colonies, without reckoning the Queensland Loan issued this week. In these figures, however, we should point out, there are included the loans to municipalities, harbour boards, and other trusts, whereas in the statement of the aggregate debts of the Colonies in 1883, only the debts of the Colonial Governments themselves are included. The local loans, of course, weigh as heavily upon the resources of the Colonies as do the Government loans. They take out of the pockets of the people a portion of their income; and usually those loans are raised in England like the Government loans. The interest has to be earned in Australia and transmitted to Europe; and the one burden, therefore, is just as much a charge on the people as the other. Including this week's loan, the borrowings of all kinds during the two years have been about 35½ millions sterling; so that the present rate of borrowing exceeds 17½ millions sterling a year. The whole population of the Australasian Colonies, according to the Census of 1881, was just under 2½ millions; and probably it is now 3½ millions or somewhat over. It is obvious that an addition to the Governmental and local debts of 17½ millions sterling per annum is out of all proportion too great for a population so small.

The advocates of the present Colonial policy argue in its defence that the borrowing of the Colonies is not like the borrowing of the States which squander the proceeds upon their armies and navies, but is rather like that of a great landowner who borrows to improve his estate. The Colonies are, as we have just been pointing out, but sparsely settled even in parts. There are vast areas entirely unoccupied, and settlement cannot proceed until railways are built and roads made. The borrowing is to enable the Governments to open up the country and facilitate settlement and the extension of cultivation. Furthermore, it is pointed out that these works are not only intended to increase settlement, but that they are remunerative in themselves, that some of them yield the Colonies revenue now and most will by-and-by, that as population and wealth grow the revenues will grow with them, and that, above all, the time will come when it will be of extreme value to the Colonial Governments that they own the railways, the telegraphs, and other great public works. In this country and in the United States the railways are in the hands of private persons, who manage them often to the detriment of the general public, and who have to be controlled by legislative interference. On the Continent several Governments have found the private ownership of railways intolerable, and have had to buy them up; but the Australasian Colonies will own their railways without purchase at the actual cost value. That will be immensely under their market value in the course of generations, and thus the policy pursued is really one of wise economy. To a certain extent we admit the full force of this contention. Against the principle involved we have not a word to object. But, after all, a principle may be pushed too far. A private owner may borrow too much for what is in itself a good object; and still more so may a Government. It is admitted by the advocates of the present

Colonial policy that the expenditure is on works which are intended to open up the territory; in other words, it is not expected to be immediately remunerative. It has first to facilitate settlement, thereby to create traffic, and then it gradually becomes remunerative. This is an extremely wise and sound policy if it is prudently carried out; but if too much is attempted at once, the revenues of the Colonies are too heavily burdened. The borrowing of 17½ millions sterling a year, even if the whole is raised at 4 per cent., involves an annual charge, irrespective of sinking fund, of 700,000*l.*, which in ten years would add to the charge of the debt, without taking the sinking fund at all into account, seven millions per annum. It is obvious that unless the public works, for which this money is borrowed, yield at least 700,000*l.* a year regularly, the addition to the charge for the debt would become enormously too heavy for so small a population. We have seen in the case of Hungary how even a powerful Government may be involved in serious embarrassments by the attempt to do in a few years what ought to be spread over many. A still more remarkable illustration of the same thing is afforded by France, one of the wealthiest and thriftiest countries in the world. And it is clear that if even France cannot do in a few years what ought to be spread over a generation, still less can the Australasian Colonies hope to do it. The great want of the Colonies is a rapid addition to the population; but from abroad a large addition to the population cannot be made unless the population in the Colonies is wealthy enough to give prompt employment to all comers. The United States have grown rapidly because the Republic had followed an economical and quiet policy for nearly a century, and wealth had thus had time to accumulate before the great immigration from Europe set in. In the Australasian Colonies there has not yet been time for a great accumulation of wealth, and the vast charge of the debt now imposed leaves a much less margin than there ought to be for a rapid accumulation of wealth.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX.

THE admirable, but necessarily too limited, summary of the progress of medicine during the Queen's reign given by Sir Henry Acland in his opening address at the meeting of the General Medical Council, must be very satisfactory reading for the public at large, as well as to the members of the medical profession. Both the art and science of medicine and surgery have been revolutionized during the last fifty years. The knowledge of anatomy, it is true, was fairly advanced, but histology, physiology, pathology, medical chemistry, and pharmacology, and the numerous instruments employed in their investigation, such as the microscope, stethoscope, ophthalmoscope, test-tube, laryngoscope, and clinical thermometer, which are now the familiar and everyday tools of the medical man, are all new as far as their practical application in the detection and treatment of disease is concerned. Besides the improved art of curative medicine, there have been developed the still nobler arts of preventive medicine and nursing, which are not confined altogether to the medical profession, but taught by its disinterested members to the public, and thus have become a common possession.

But it is not only on the advancement of its art that the medical profession has to congratulate itself. Thanks largely to the well-abused Medical Council over which Sir Henry Acland presided, the education and social status of medical men have been much improved, especially in country districts, and are asserting their influence in various ways. It was from the ranks of the medical profession that the outcry for a teaching and degree-conferring University for London was first made; and there is now a most lively agitation going on among the lower grades of the members and licentiates of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons for a better recognition of their position, and for a larger share in the management of these corporations by the small section of Fellows at present in possession of all the power and privileges. The fact that this agitation has been kept well within the ranks of the profession is a proof of the temperate manner in which it is being prosecuted.

Outside the profession medical men are assuming important social and political positions which are hardly sufficiently recognized by the press and the public. Bad times are depriving landlords and their agents and country parsons of much of the local influence they formerly possessed, and in many cases are even driving them from their country-houses, while the greater diffusion of riches, as shown by the recent Report on Trade Depression, has saved the doctor from similar misfortunes, and the lowering of the county franchise has placed him in more immediate contact with the great mass of the voters, and brought them more immediately within the sphere of his daily influence. The tendency, moreover, of local government is in the direction of increasing the powers of Sanitary Boards, and so of increasing the local importance and influence of medical men. A few years ago it was a comparatively rare occurrence for a country doctor to be made a county magistrate, and it was almost impossible to get one or two sent to Parliament; but now both appointments are common, and will become more and more common as medical men recognize their new position and responsibilities. They have no land or tithe questions to place them at a disadvantage or breed ill-feeling between them and the voters, and they are not outdone by either the country gentlemen or the clergy in their sympathy and

willingness to help the sick and needy, as witness their voluntary professional services at the hundreds of medical charities throughout the country. It is to be hoped they will use their new powers wisely and well. The profession as a whole is strongly conservative, although, as is usual in all other professions, some of its most active and conspicuous members have strong tendencies the other way. In political matters it is not necessary that medical men should act as a body, as there is some fear of their doing; but each man should identify himself with the local organizations, and thus exert his individual influence for the general good of the country and of his own locality.

MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL'S VOCAL RECITALS.

ON Friday, February 11, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel began the first of a series of four vocal recitals. The excellent and powerful tone of Mr. Henschel's voice, and the sweetness and fulness of Mrs. Henschel's, are already well known by the public; but perhaps comparatively few can realize to the full extent the merit of their style in singing. With most public singers one can detect an effort of some sort. Sometimes that effort is to modulate the voice; sometimes to bring it up to a fortissimo which will, at all events, astonish, even if it does not succeed in deafening, the audience; sometimes, and too often ineffectively, to pronounce the words of the song so clearly as to be heard distinctly; but with Mr. and Mrs. Henschel there are no such efforts to be detected. The soft passages of the music are rendered with as much grace and ease as are the passionate ones. There is apparently no exertion of any kind needed in the beautiful notes that drop out simply and naturally. The well-known programme on the 11th was excellent in its choice and variety. "Sei nur still," by J. W. Franck, and "Die Himmel rühmen" (Beethoven), were beautifully rendered by Mr. Henschel, making "Vittoria, mio core" (Carissimi) all the more striking in contrast. "Ich grolle nicht" moved to tears by its pathetic tenderness. Mrs. Henschel gave Haydn's "My Mother bids me bind my hair," "An Ancient Irish Lullaby," set by C. V. Stanford, and "Oh, my love's like a red, red rose," by Arthur Somerbell, with rare sweetness and expression. The duet set in Canon by Mr. Henschel, "Oh, that we two were Maying," does much credit to the composer.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE CLERGY.

MANY of our readers know only too well how bad the times have long been, and how bad they still are for farmers and landlords. There is no need to call attention to facts that make themselves felt in every direction. Farmers never suffer in silence, and for the last ten years they have had good cause to complain; throughout a large part of the country farming has not only ceased to be profitable, but has become a ruinous occupation. Although the troubles of the landlords are less loudly proclaimed, they are not likely to be overlooked; signs of them force themselves upon our notice everywhere, and in one way or other they affect the prosperity of a large number of persons besides those to whom they immediately belong. While, however, the melancholy depression of the agricultural interest is apparent everywhere, the effect that it has produced on clerical incomes is less widely known and demands special inquiry. The beneficed clergy in many districts are suffering severely from the effects of the long-continued agricultural distress, and yet they are commonly supposed to be almost unaffected by it, and are hastily judged and harshly condemned when they refuse to yield to ruinous demands. Because their self-respect is great, and their liberality unflinching, even in the midst of dire necessities, they are held to be well provided for; they are called upon for sacrifices that they have neither the power nor morally the right to make, and are pointed at as though they were living in comfort at the expense of others, and were in a measure accountable for the non-payment of rents and the bankrupt condition of the farmers. It is high time that people should be enlightened as to their real position, and that adequate remedies should be provided if the whole or any part of the system of clerical endowments has placed them at an unfair disadvantage compared with others who derive income from land, or if their present distress is in any degree due to the failure of others to carry out the intention of the law; or if, on the other hand, their endowments are, as is sometimes alleged, of such a nature as to hinder the productiveness of the soil and to check the employment of labour.

The whole subject of the hardships under which the clergy are now suffering has at last been laid before the public, and the urgent necessity of adopting some measures of redress will now, it may be hoped, be universally acknowledged. At the close of last year the Editor of the *Guardian* wisely determined to ascertain and give publicity to the effects produced by "the prolonged agricultural depression" on the incomes of the beneficed clergy, and no less wisely selected Mr. R. E. Prothero, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, to make the necessary inquiries and report their results. Mr. Prothero's report, as many of our readers very well know, appeared in the *Guardian* in the form of five letters, which have now been reprinted as a pamphlet entitled *The Agricultural Depression and the Sufferings of the Clergy* (Guardian Office, 1887). This

pamphlet deserves to be read with attention; it is written soberly, and the sobriety and moderation of its tone are more effective than any sensational picture of the distress which it is the writer's painful duty to describe. The districts that have suffered most heavily from the agricultural depression, the counties of Northampton, Huntingdon, and Essex, with some parts of other neighbouring counties, were chosen as the area of inquiry, and the conclusion to which Mr. Prothero has come is that "all the temporal advantages of the clerical profession are, at least in the midland counties, entirely removed." He shows that, while the clergy, whose professional incomes are derived solely from land, have suffered most heavily, those who depend on the tithe rent-charge have lost "their margin of comfort." He thus sketches the progress of clerical distress:—"The outdoor establishment is reduced, the garden cannot be maintained, the horse and carriage are sold. The same process is followed indoors. Servant after servant is discharged until not one is left; then follows the careful husbanding of fuel—the severest practice of domestic economy—even the disposal of books, furniture, and apparel. Sons are withdrawn from school or college, daughters are obliged to go out as governesses; life insurances are sold, pledged, or allowed to drop." The case of the tithe-owners is first considered. Now it is obvious that, inconvenient and trying as the loss of income by the fall of the corn averages must necessarily be, the tithe-owner would have no cause to complain if that were all he was called on to bear. In addition to this, however, he has to suffer from arrears which soon become irrecoverable. These arrears swell in number and amount in a time of agricultural distress; the process for recovery is cumbrous and costly, and the clerical tithe-owner is naturally deterred by the fear of impairing his spiritual usefulness from enforcing payment, unless he is compelled to do so by actual necessity. In many cases, too, payment has only been secured by making large reductions in the amount due from the tithe-payer. The temptations to agree to demands for abatement of tithes are many. Money, it may be, is urgently needed, and the clergyman has to choose between taking a part and losing the whole; and, apart from this consideration, he is inclined, even at a terrible cost to himself and those dependent on him, to avoid a humiliating struggle. Yet it is certain, as we are reminded here, that it is his duty both to the benefice he holds and to the Church at large to "maintain the income undiminished." Resistance to tithes, Mr. Prothero points out, spreading rapidly. He considers the objections alleged by those engaged in agitating for the abolition of tithes, and shows that they neither raise rents nor lower wages. No readjustment of the present system can possibly benefit the tenant-farmers; for it is not they, but the landowners, who really pay the tithe rent-charge. And, as regards the interest of the landowners in the matter, it is certain that they have had the best of the bargain made in 1836; for, while rents have doubled, the share of the Church has remained stationary. They have no right to that share, and it is certain that they will never receive it. Moreover, any reason that can be adduced for taking away the tithes from the clergy, and applying them to secular uses, might be applied with equal force to the tithes in the hands of laymen. What the consequence of the abolition of tithes in rural districts would be is shown by a quotation from the *Economie Rurale* of M. de Lavergne. "History," Mr. Prothero well adds, "might be searched in vain for an instance in which the plunder of Churches put a penny into the pockets of the people." Nevertheless, the anti-tithe movement continues; and at present it is taken advantage of to extort reductions varying from 10 to 25 per cent. on the incomes of clergy already materially reduced by the fall of the septennial averages.

The position of the clergy who derive their income from glebe is, however, far more disastrous than that of the tithe-owners. In spite of the expenditure of large sums, in some cases obtained by loans secured by mortgage and in others supplied out of private capital, the average rental of glebe lands in the area of inquiry has diminished from 33 to 50 per cent., and the incumbent is fortunate if even so he has not his glebe thrown on his hands. In some cases the whole of the reduced rental is "swallowed up by charges for the repayment of loans and other mortgages." Nor is this all; for, when repayment becomes impossible, the mortgagees will be forced to foreclose, and the endowment of the benefice actually passes away from it for ever. This has been the case in two instances, and there is good reason to fear that it will occur elsewhere. When a parson has a glebe farm thrown on his hands, he is in a far worse position than a lay landowner who is forced to farm his own land; he knows nothing of the business; as a clergyman he is prevented from personally attending to its details, and he cannot deal with his labourers in a purely business spirit. Accordingly, he is generally robbed on all sides. The glebe-owner has, however, other drawbacks to contend with. While as a landlord he is forced to compensate an outgoing tenant for unexhausted improvements, he receives no compensation from his successor "even for structural improvements"; indeed, his estate becomes chargeable for dilapidations in respect of the very farm-buildings he may have erected out of his private means. This and other discouragements and impediments to improvement are obviously contrary to public policy, for they tend to prevent the glebe-owner from developing the productiveness of the land. Mr. Prothero does not content himself with reporting the causes and extent of the sufferings of the clergy; he also considers the schemes that have been proposed for altering and amending the present system of endowments. As regards the tithe rent-charge, he strongly advocates, as a measure of temporary relief to the clergy,

that the tithes should be paid directly by the landlords. This would be a simple act of justice; the landlords have gained by the Tithe Commutation Act, and it was perfectly understood when that Act was passed that the tithe-owner, by giving up "his claim to share in the increased profits of the land," would be relieved from all odium and difficulty. Nor will the adoption of direct payment injure the landlords, for they are already the real tithe-payers, and they will not be placed in a worse position by fulfilling their legal obligation directly instead of through their tenants. At the same time Mr. Prothero considers that no satisfactory solution of the tithe difficulty is possible short of "compulsory redemption"; and he advocates the principle of a scheme put forward by Mr. Ryde, by which this redemption is to be effected "by co-operation between the landlords and the Government." The redemption of the rent-charge is probably the only way of securing the rights of the clerical tithe-owners, and it is unlikely that any plan will be accepted voluntarily by both parties. Little weight should, we think, be attached to the objection that compulsory redemption would make the clergy stipendiaries of the State. If indeed this would be so, we should consider it fatal to the plan. But it would not be so in reality, and it would be easy to make arrangements that would prevent even the appearance of it. One or two of the details of Mr. Ryde's scheme, however, and especially the distinction made between parochial and impropriated tithes, seem open to grave objection. The right of the impropriator is as good as that of the parish priest, and we cannot admit that the original injustice of impropriations has any bearing on the question. Several plans are suggested which would serve to lighten the sufferings of the glebe-owners and would "give them the same chances of developing the resources of the soil as are enjoyed by the rest of the community." Among these are the removal of the insecurity attached to the tenure of glebe farms and the extension of the benefits and liabilities of the Agricultural Holdings Act to outgoing and incoming incumbents. As a permanent means of relief, however, the gradual sale of glebe lands is no doubt advisable. The Glebe Lands Bill, which was read a second time in the House of Lords on Tuesday last, will perhaps do something towards this object, though the conditions on which a sale will be allowed will probably be found burdensome, and will certainly cause vexatious delays. The liability to a right of pre-emption for the creation of allotments, which is somewhat oddly joined on to a measure for facilitating the sale of Church land, is certainly open to the objection urged by the Bishop of Lichfield, who observed that, if it was advisable to provide more allotments, the same liability should be extended to other lands; otherwise it would appear as though the intention of the Bill was "to provide allotments for the labouring poor at the expense of the Church." All appearance of treating ecclesiastical property as though the public had any kind of special right to it should carefully be avoided.

IN BOTH HOUSES.

THE interference of the Speaker has brought the long wrangle on the Address to an end. At his instance the House applied the Closure to the debate, affirming by an overwhelming majority its concurrence in his opinion that the matter had been sufficiently discussed; and the Address was agreed to. Particular Amendments on the Address had been subjected to the same drastic treatment. It is only fair to say that Irish members have not been alone to blame for an unparalleled waste of time. The front Opposition bench, the English and Scotch Radicals, and Conservative members also in no inconsiderable number, have joined to crowd the notice-paper with Amendments and to bewilder the country with ceaseless talk. In previous Sessions and Parliaments public business has been obstructed by individual members and groups of members, with whom it was difficult to deal. Now the House of Commons itself has been the great obstructive. If the Speaker had named everybody in it, and suspended the House as a whole from the service of the House, he would have been acting in the spirit of recent Rules. Collectively it was guilty of irrelevance and of tedious repetitions. It abused its own patience. In some foreign Assemblies, when confusion reaches a certain point, the President brings the sitting to a close by putting on his hat. That tremendous act disorganizes the Assembly. It ceases for the moment to be in session. The headgear of the Speaker would make an introduction of this foreign usage difficult. Perhaps an approach might be made to its dignity and solemnity if he were empowered, when all other means have failed, to adjourn the House by taking off his wig, in which so much of his wisdom and authority resides. If this usage were in force, the wig would have been off long ago. Mr. Smith's acquiescence hitherto in the waste of public time was pardonable. He is scarcely warm in his seat. The hardness of his task and the novelty of his authority forced his hand. He did not wish to clothe himself too suddenly in terrors, but to try the effect of mild and benignant, but all too tardy, remonstrance. Lord Hartington alone of Parliamentary chiefs spoke on the subject in a becoming tone. Mr. Gladstone is understood to have confided to the London Correspondent of one of those provincial newspapers which monopolize the wisdom of the country his disapproval of the misconduct or non-conduct of business. But he had removed himself and his disapproval to a distance at which they ceased to be operative. He has an abstract objection to

abstract resolutions. He thinks that Amendments to the Address should raise either directly, or, if indirectly, yet clearly, the question of confidence, and that issue should be taken upon them at once. In thinking thus Mr. Gladstone thinks wisely. In this opinion there is a survival of the better sense of his better days. Unfortunately, Mr. Gladstone was content to let his saner judgments remain inoperative. He gives effect only to his more mischievous impulses. There is little use in taking a right view of things at Hawarden. He ought to take a right view of them on the front Opposition bench. Mr. Gladstone's authority in the House of Commons is so great, and in some respects and on some points justly so great, that if he chose to use it it would be decisive. He chose to absent himself, and to connive in practice at the misuse of the public time and of the forms of the House which in theory he condemns. The responsibility for evils which he could have hindered rests with him. Mr. Gladstone's convictions unfortunately are subject to Mr. Parnell's convenience. The resort to the Closure is one of those expedients to which recourse should be had only at the last extremity, and failing those moral influences and that indirect authority which political leaders ought, but have failed, to apply.

Mr. Gladstone's retirement is Sir William Harcourt's opportunity. "Deputy-lock," says Mr. Rogue Riderhood, describing his functions, "if you like. Lock, when t'other man's away." Sir William Harcourt is deputy-leader; leader when t'other man's away. "How do you like this for leading?" Sir William Harcourt seems to say. "Contrast it with the manner of our friend who is absent." Sir William adopts, after a ponderous fashion, a sort of Charles Surface gaiety. He affects lightness in his leading. In one respect he falls short of his model. Sir William Harcourt is not only ready to sell the portraits of his ancestors, but to dispose of their remains and defile their graves. It has been left to him to insult the memory of Hampden by finding in him the prototype of Mr. Dillon, while in the heroes of the Plan of Campaign he discovers the counterparts of the American revolutionists who made the harbour of Boston their teapot. Persons who take Mr. Gladstone's early view of Hampden and hold the loyalist opinion as to the Boston rioters will resent the outrage. Between resistance to what was held to be an unconstitutional tax and conspiracy to withhold a lawful debt there is no more similarity than there is between Sir William Harcourt and any of the great men who have held the position in which a freak of fortune has temporarily placed him.

The House of Commons is not only idle itself, but is the cause of idleness in others. In complicated industries the strike or desertion of one class of workmen often involves the compulsory idleness of another. The House of Lords can do little because the House of Commons will do nothing. If the proceedings of the House of Commons had taken place in a country new to Parliamentary institutions, they would suggest a strong presumption of the unfitness of that country for them. The House of Lords is waiting for the work which the House of Commons ought to send up to it. The only measure of any importance which the Lower Chamber has had before it is a Bill for abolishing the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland—an economic reform after the English analogy—to which the Irish members are anxious to annex a clause reducing the salary of the Attorney-General by a thousand pounds. In the interval the Lords have done what they can. The House has made some progress with a Bill to enable the clergy to sell Glebe Lands which they can neither let nor cultivate, and to authorize local sanitary authorities to dispose of them in small allotments to the poor. It has advanced by several stages a Lunacy Amendment Bill allowing a suspected lunatic to appeal, if he chooses, from the opinion of a doctor to that of a magistrate. *Inexperto crede.* It has dealt with an Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, combining the two laudable purposes of giving Lord Blackburn a free pass into the House of Lords for the term of his natural life, and inducing, by a bonus of 800*l.* a year, some high judicial functionary, who may have leisure and inclination to do so, to lend his assistance to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It has read a Pluralities Amendment Bill a third time. It has rejected a Woman's Suffrage Bill presented by Lord Denman, at the courteous instance of Lord Salisbury, who does not think that the House of Lords can, without breach of Parliamentary etiquette, take the initiative in a measure affecting the constitution of the other House. It is well known that the House of Lords is in a conspiracy against Lord Denman, and nobody knows it so well as Lord Denman himself. But he bears bravely up, abating no jot of heart or hope. He cannot conceal from himself that he is boycotted by the Peers. There is an organized attempt, he tells the country, "to stop him, check him, and put him down in every way, but he is determined to do his duty." Lord Dunraven has essayed the part of the Randolph Churchill of the Upper House. Lord Stanley of Preston has announced that he will bring "moral pressure" to bear on the Railway Companies to adopt the system of continuous brakes. These are alarming words. We trust that they will not be followed by a Railway Plan of Campaign, by the refusal of passengers and customers to pay their fares and the carriage of their goods, or to throw railway-trains off the line. From this contemplation the transition is natural to the condition of Ireland, which, at the instance of Lord Inchiquin, has been the subject of a few hours' debate. The statement has been elicited from Lord Cadogan, to whom, in the absence of Lord Ashbourne, Irish business seems to be confided in the House of Lords, that the Government intend some time or other to do something which will prove that they do not regard the National League as the responsible Executive of

Ireland. The result of the trials in Dublin will probably show what the something should be. In the meantime, to their disgrace, members of Mr. Gladstone's late Government have followed the example of Mr. Henry Fowler, and associated themselves with the charges of jury-packing brought by the terrorists of the National League against the Irish Executive. The Speaker's firmness, or rather the rules of the House, prevented Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Dillon from giving further occasion to this scandalous exhibition. The persons who make these charges know very well that the difficulty in Ireland is to find twelve men who will fairly consider the evidence and give a verdict in conformity with it. They do so at the peril of their lives. The pressure is immense on every one to find, if he can, a loophole out of which he may allow the accused to creep. The desire to acquit if it be possible must influence all those who enter the jury-box. Only such persons are challenged as are supposed to have made up their minds in no circumstances to convict. Irish lawlessness is infecting its English and Scotch allies, and it is difficult to make any moral discrimination between Parnellites and Gladstonians. The principles of this new Anglo-Irish party, if one may judge from their language in the debate, are the violability, or rather the intrinsic nullity, of contracts; the right of every one to break laws the momentary incidence of which is inconvenient to him; and the iniquity of interference by the Government to maintain the public peace. It is not exaggeration to say that one or other, in some cases all, of these assumptions lay at the bottom of Mr. Easlemont's Amendment about nineteen-year leaseholders in Scotland and of Dr. Cameron's Amendment with respect to the Skye crofters. This open denial of the obligations of common honesty in the dealings of men with each other is made for the first time, we believe, by any considerable section of a party in English Parliamentary history. We do not hesitate to say that to Mr. Gladstone's sinister suggestions and to his equally sinister silence the corruption which threatens not merely English public life, but society itself, is due. From fraud to violence, from theft to murder, the transition is too easy, and it is being made in Ireland.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE JUBILEE.

[Twenty-five thousand prisoners, being one-third of the number now undergoing sentence in the Indian gaols for criminal offences, were released to-day, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.—*Daily paper.*]

FORTUNATE twenty-five thousand! on whom,
 Wrapped in the shades of their sullen abode,
 Liberty's radiance, cleaving the gloom,
 Thus with a sudden redemption has glowed.
 Such and so high was the favour bestowed
 By the Jews—our example in this, 'twould appear—
 On their slaves, whom the ancient Levitical code
 Freed in the Jubilee Year.

Well, we congratulate; yes, we rejoice;
 This is the truly Imperial style.
 Yet—the inquiry *will* somehow find voice,
 Envy *will* whisper this question the while:
 Are there no slaves in our own happy isle?
 Have we no prisoners languishing here?
 Why, then, on them should not clemency smile,
 Pray—in the Jubilee Year?

What of our multitudes stumbling along,
 Bondmen and thralls of the jugglers of phrase,
 Blinded by words to the right and the wrong,
 Gropping through miry and tortuous ways?
 Good 'twere to rescue these wretched estrays,
 Good 'twere to leave them, foot free and eye clear,
 Rid of their masters and cured of their craze,
 Sane—in the Jubilee Year.

What of the waiters on Demos his mood?
 What of the captives of Parnellite rant?
 What of the sedulous hewers of wood
 And drawers of water for Bancombe and Cant?
 Some of these, surely, for liberty pant
 (Gravely I say it; suspect not a sneer)—
 Were it not gracious their freedom to grant
 Just for the Jubilee Year?

Look at that peaceable law-loving host,
 Elbowed about in the streets of their town;
 Hushed by spouters from pillar to post,
 Calling not even their churches their own!
 Would it not fitly the festival crown
 Were they these words reassuring to hear?—
 "Rise! for your Socialist tyrants are down!
 Welcome the Jubilee Year!"

Never has Hist'ry of servitude told
 Worse than is borne by yon spiritless crew,
 Chained to the car of the "Anarch Old,"
 With eyes of misgiving and faces of rue.
 Liberty, look! they are gazing at you,
 Timidly clanking their iron hand-gear.
 Visit these hapless Gladstonians, do—
 Do, Ma'am, this Jubilee Year.

Ay, and the nation itself we may call
Most to be pitied all captives among.
Groan we not, chafe we not, yawn we not all
Under the clack of the chattering tongue?
When has a yoke so unbearable hung
Round men who walk this terrestrial sphere?
O might we see it away from us flung
Now, in this Jubilee Year!

Jubilee brought universal release—
So we are told in Rabbinical lore—
Bidding the period of servitude cease
Even for "slaves of the nail and the door."
Why should it not, then, *our* freedom restore,
Solemnly bored though we've been through the ear?
Yes! We'll be bondmen to babblers no more—
Hail to the Jubilee Year!

REVIEWS.

A DEFENCE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AGAINST DISESTABLISHMENT.*

IT is sometimes desirable to delay reviewing a noteworthy book for more reasons than one. What Mr. Gladstone calls "pistolgraph" reviews may in some cases be necessary, though never for the mere purpose of gratifying the public appetite for novelty. A book that invites what is called popular support may deserve its "hand" early; a very mischievous or stupid book may deserve to be put out of its pain early. But a book which is a permanent acquisition, and which is on the right, not the wrong, side of a question, does not need a pistolgram of praise. On the contrary, it is often very desirable to see what effect it produces on the other side, and what answers are attempted to it, before writing what otherwise might be a mere "I say ditto"—a mere epistle commendatory. We have looked with considerable interest to see what valid replies would be attempted to Lord Selborne's *defensio Ecclesie Anglicanae*, and we can hardly say that we are surprised to find none. It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Gladstone would take up in any direct or satisfactory manner the challenge addressed to him in the author's introductory epistle. The principal literary advocates of Disestablishment have sufficient of the wisdom of the serpent to see that the less said about so damaging an exposure of their ways the better, and that it is much safer to repeat disproved falsehoods than to attempt to prove them true. Indeed, it is not clear from what quarter a competent answer to Lord Selborne's book could have come, or could come. It would be, of course, absurd, as well as illiberal, to maintain that there are no honest advocates of Disestablishment; it would be even more absurd than illiberal to maintain that there are no advocates of Disestablishment who are able as well as honest. But there is no absurdity and no illiberality in pointing out that there is hardly any advocate of Disestablishment who unites honesty and ability with what may be called single-eyedness on the question in the same way that Lord Selborne unites the three on the other side. We may take two crucial examples. Mr. John Morley and Mr. Chamberlain are advocates of Disestablishment, and both of them are men of undoubted honesty as well as of great intellectual powers; but no reasonable person will affirm that in their case the political aspect of the matter does not go far to shut out the religious. They may not say (in Mr. Chamberlain's case he may not even know) that the certain advantage to the Radicalism for which they care so much outweighs the damage to the religion for which one of them at least could quite honestly admit that he does not care particularly. But it is well known that the case is so. They are, therefore, the one wholly and the other to a great extent, out of court when the question is the discussion of Disestablishment in all its aspects, and especially in the religious and historical aspect. And what may be said of them may be said much more strongly of others whose ability is undoubtedly less and whose honesty is certainly not more. As for the mere hirelings or the mere zealots of the Liberation Society, they may obviously be left out of sight altogether.

It will hardly be expected that here we should enter into any argument buttressing Lord Selborne's own argumentative structure. We have little to criticize in it and little to add to it. There is, as far as we can see, only one weak place, which is not very weak; and there is hardly more than one extension wanting which it might be desirable to supply. Lord Selborne, with natural but perhaps not quite successful energy, disclaims the interpretations which the Liberationists were sure to put, and have put, on certain unlucky words of his in advocating Mr. Gladstone's Burial Bill six years ago. He then said (in resisting the very moderate and reasonable demand that the additions recently made by Churchmen to churchyards for the purposes of the services of the Church should be exempted from the operation of an Act for indulging the sectarian feelings of Dissenters) that "property thus given for public purposes must be deemed as given out and out," and that "the donors could not reserve any rights

over it." Of course the adversary has since retorted on him the same argument about the vast sum of money (nearly fifty millions in the last forty years) given for other purposes to the Church. Lord Selborne defends himself by urging that his argument was limited strictly to the purpose—i.e. the purpose of burial. The donors gave the ground for a burial-ground, and the regulation of the manner and conditions of burial is well within the function of Parliament. But in the other case they gave it for the services of the Church, and the diversion of it from those services to the endowment of music-halls or the paying of Dissenters' School Board rates for them would not be within that function. The distinction is, of course, a real one, and the argument is technically valid. But we fear that, whether he will acknowledge it or not, Lord Selborne did give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme by this bowing in the House of Rimmon at the dictation of a master whom happily he has since simply renounced.

The omission is of less importance, and indeed the supplying of it might plausibly be argued to be not wholly within the sphere of the work. But we should rather have liked to see a fuller acknowledgment and a heavier insistence on the fact that the Disestablishment of the Church of England would almost necessarily be followed by something like the disastrous divorce between religion and intellect which was the result of the revolutionary movement in France. It is impossible that men of education and breeding can take kindly to the services of any of the Dissenting bodies. A few, a very few, such men whom accident has connected from their birth with such bodies may contrive to sustain connexion with them, but no one would voluntarily enter their membership. Yet the Disestablished Church would more and more approximate to the very characteristics of Dissenting sects—their illiberality, their narrowness, their wider and ever wider divorce from all that is best in Christianity—which offend educated men; while the Dissenting sects themselves would lose the stimulus of antagonism to the Church, and would probably approach nearer and nearer to those Protestant communities of the Continent which are Christian only in name. But this is a large subject, and rather a thorny one.

As an arsenal for the defenders of the Church Lord Selborne's book is admirably fitted, in both senses of the word. There is hardly an historical or legal aspect of the question which he does not touch, and his inquiry into statistics is as valuable as it is exhaustive. What may be called the opinionative part of the book—that is to say, the dealings with the so-called religious and moral arguments of the Disestablishers—is only less valuable, first, because it must, after all, always be admitted to be matter of opinion; secondly, because in by far the larger number of cases it is certain that the arguments are only pretences; thirdly, because they are certain never to be really active in bringing about the crisis. If a man says that the Church of England is in a state of unchristian bondage, or that the existence of the Archbishop of Canterbury is an outrage to the manhood, dignity, and civic rights of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, it is extremely probable that he does not mean what he says, though very likely he thinks he means it. Further, if he really does mean it, or by frequent repetition has persuaded himself that he does mean it, argument is sure to be quite as much lost on him as on a circle-squarer or an anti-vaccinationist. Yet again, the proposition will never do any great harm, because the public, though not very wise, is yet not quite such a fool as to be taken in by it. It will always have the common sense to remark that this tender care by Dissenters for the souls of Churchmen and the efficiency of the Church has something very odd about it, and that if the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker's manhood is lacerated by the existence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, he had better put a plaster on it, or have it sewn up. The really dangerous arguments are, first, the historical falsehood that the property of the Church of England is public property; secondly, the politico-legal fallacy that this public property is alienable by the public to any other public uses it prefers; and, thirdly, the statistical exaggeration of the amount of plunder which the revenues and property of the Church would furnish. With all these three Lord Selborne deals as perhaps hardly any one could deal who did not unite legal learning and acuteness of the highest kind with a character for probity and impartiality which neither friends nor foes can deny or impugn. It is indeed strange that so absolutely unhistorical a theory as that of the Parliamentary new birth, or rather creation, of the Church of England early in the sixteenth century should be pressed into the service of Disestablishment; but this theory is well disposed of here. A more intricate argument is necessarily required to deal with the second fallacy as to the public hold on so much of the property as does not rest on a supposed Parliamentary escheat and re-grant (if we may slightly, but conveniently, misuse these words) of the revenues of the Church at the Restoration. But there is no doubt that Lord Selborne completely establishes the fact that tithes are in no sense a national endowment revocable by the nation, but simply the result of the aggregate gifts of a great number of individuals, from kings downwards, over which gifts, whatever rights may be deduced from the supremacy of Parliament, are not more applicable than they would be over any private property. The same is the case with glebe; and the care which Lord Selborne has taken to specify the, in comparison, infinitesimal sums which have been granted from public funds is the best evidence of the strength of his case. For practical purposes, however, nothing can be more effective than his rigorous examination of the statistics both of Church membership and of Church property. The dishonest tricks of those who, resisting the only possible religious census

* *A Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment.* By the Earl of Selborne. London: Macmillan & Co.

(which they know would show an enormous preponderance of Churchmen), attempt to play thimble-herg with church and chapel "attendances" have been more than once exposed in these pages. But what is most striking of all is that, while the largest estimate of the present value of Church property—an estimate, as Lord Selborne shows, founded on the wildest exaggeration—puts it at 220,000,000*l.*, the sums actually given by the private liberality of Churchmen during the last forty-four years alone amount to forty-five millions, or a fifth of the fictitious, and probably a full third of the real, amount which could be obtained at a fair price under the hammer for the whole property of the Church.

The details by which these results are obtained should be closely studied by Churchmen, and there is only one thing to add. Churchmen must not only be certain of the justice of their case, but they must be prepared to fight it to the last. We have the good cause; we must be ready with the good horse and the good sword.

THREE NOVELS.*

THE praise of Dickens is so precious and enviable a possession that any work that has acquired the distinction may seem to be assured of recognition and in need of no further demonstration of its excellence. "You will find *Fatal Zero*," wrote the great novelist, "a very curious bit of mental development, deepening as the story goes on into a picture not less startling than true." And at sundry times, in letters to certain of his intimate circle, Charles Dickens repeated this eulogy in terms of equal sincerity and warmth. His admiration of Mr. Fitzgerald's story was, however, scarcely a matter of general publicity. Consequently there must be, even among diligent readers of fiction, many to whom both story and testimony will be absolutely new. *Fatal Zero* is a psychological study of singular power and fascination. This designation, we are aware, is in ill favour just now, degraded as it is by the dissectors of the infinitely little, who probe with pin-wire the superficies of things, and by an ostentatious use of the terminologies of science in describing the most ordinary matters obtain a cheap reputation in the naturalistic school. We must look to *Adam Blair* for anything comparable to the analysis of temptation presented in *Fatal Zero*. In both stories the terrible actuality of mental anarchy is an ever-accumulating force, passing through developments marked by subtle gradations, in which irresistible fate is dimly divined, until the tragic culmination is reached. But whereas Lockhart's unhappy hero is swiftly overmastered by the most powerful and universal of human passions, Mr. Fitzgerald's self-righteous and rashly confident banker's clerk is the victim of another temptation, working through unsuspected channels by insidious processes, and falls through an overweening confidence in his own virtue and a fallacious trust in the purity of his motives. Excepting that both stories are studies of the heart and conscience of man as a kingdom divided, and that each is profoundly interesting and vitally true, the parallel suggested is, of course, incomplete. The leading idea of Mr. Fitzgerald's story, its development and final catastrophe, are altogether original in conception and treatment. *Fatal Zero* reveals in a series of confessions the gradual ruin of a young man who is drawn into the vortex of gambling at Homburg, embezzles his employer's money, and commits suicide in circumstances that add unmitigated anguish to the intolerable shame and disgrace of fallen virtue. Brought up in a narrow provincial circle, nurtured on the most approved and most petty maxims of morality, a clerk in a country bank, he is convinced that his moral and religious principles are more than sufficient to outweigh his lack of experience. As he is in extreme ill-health, a fashionable doctor orders him to Homburg, whither he is enabled to go by the kind assistance of a friend in whom he recognizes an agent of Providence. When the vicar of his parish hints at his innocence and the dangers of roulette, he is almost offended that he, a clever fellow though country-bred, should be in need of such warnings. He arrives at Homburg completely proof against seductions in his triple mail of prayer and principle and self-conceit. At first he shuns the gambling-saloon; but step by step his unquestioning faith in his superior moral strength draws him nearer to the first fatal venture. He develops into a missionary charged with warning others, divinely ordained to sweep the accursed pest from the earth; and while he imagines he is studying character at the tables, he insensibly drinks deeply of the intoxicating passion he denounces. Every one admires, he conceives, his triumphant test of the terrible ordeal; the town talks of him, the croupiers and servants of the establishment view him with suspicion, the gamblers hate and envy him, and M. Blanc will certainly offer him handsome bribes to leave Homburg, which he will as certainly decline. Every stage in the self-deception is portrayed with admirable delicacy of insight. Of course he discovers an infallible system of play, which for a time seems to enhance his virtuous self-control. But the possession of this power at length gets the better of his self-control; he risks a double-florin, and persuades himself by ingenious sophistries that he hated gambling none the less, and that by withdrawing at once he vindicated his system without wounding his principles. From this point the interest deepens

* *Fatal Zero*. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. London: Chatto & Windus. *Our Own Pompeii; a Story of To-Morrow*, 2 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

The Tragedy of Featherstone. By B. L. Farjeon. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

with every successive phase in the fall of the deluded wretch, the horror of whose self-inflicted torments is intensified by certain ironical glimpses of hope and escape from thralldom. When the appalling climax is arrived at, the reader may perhaps seek to know by what Nemesis this man was so punished. But Mr. Fitzgerald regards not the science of the naturalists. He does not trouble himself about inherited instincts, nor tell us whether this man sinned or his fathers. It is sufficient that the story in every detail of its revelation is true to human nature, and that its significance can escape the unquiet eye of no moralist, however eminent or invulnerable.

There is a good deal of cleverness in the satirical sketches of Cabinet Ministers, members of Parliament, leaders of society, and the like, who enliven the pages of *Our Own Pompeii*. Everybody may discover some prototype of the learned lady Mrs. Leo, or of Jack de Barry, "the smartest man in London," who doubted if the ancient Romans were "even select," and was not at all sure whether in their time "you always knew who it was you knew, you know." Not wholly unfamiliar, in spite of the caricature, is Tottie Fobbes, the special product of the last third of this century, which, though "responsible for the theory of the survival of the fittest, seems to produce a larger supply than ever of the least fit." The American contractor Van Knut, and his irrepressible and charming daughter, are drawn from life; and so, too, may well be the Whig peer, whom the Home Rule Bill of a fictitious Prime Minister drives into the Tory camp; and the vivacious Miss Rattletubs, with her Socialistic schemes and innumerable "movements." Mr. Cade, whose Christian name is not Jack, and Mr. Buckle, who was "popped into the Cabinet simply because of his literary abilities," are instantly recognized. The violent caricature presented by the former in the first volume is in startling contrast with the anti-Home-Rule phase of his career subsequently treated of. All these persons, with other celebrities of the day, manage to kill time and amuse the reader very tolerably in the new Pompeii—a kind of social paradise—which certain influential and wealthy representatives of all the capitals of Europe have built on the shores of the Mediterranean to serve as the highest and final expression of club life. In the midst of political discussions, fêtes, dinners, and other events of this ideal scene, two love affairs make a rather jerky progress—the one a really diverting matter, and humorously told; the other an idyl of pathetic character, somewhat incongruous in an atmosphere of intrigue and worldliness. It is in respect to this episode that the story of *Our Own Pompeii* is more simple than satisfactory. To speak of a story, indeed, is almost inexact. There are far too many characters, and much of the author's energy is wasted in elaborating descriptions of persons who cannot greatly interest us and are of no importance whatever.

The Tragedy of Featherstone is a depressing novel, with a highly improbable tissue of circumstances that do duty for a plot, and a prologue of melodrama that is needlessly sensational. At the outset there is a sentimental reflection on the chance unconscious proximity of Michael Featherstone, the evil genius of the story and the heroine, Mary Graham:—"As he approached the tree against which she was leaning his shadow stretched out to her feet, and as he came nearer partly rested on her form. So shall it rest upon her in the years to come." Naturally one expects a full measure of active malevolence from the villain, whereas he dies early in the opening of the story, and his evil influence is of the passive kind. The mystery of his death is not very tragical, though it is skilfully concealed till the reader is more than ripe for the revelation. A large portion of the second and third volumes are devoted to descriptions of low life and "how the poor live," in portraying which Mr. Farjeon scarcely displays the power he has previously shown in his novels. On the whole, *The Tragedy of Featherstone* exhibits little of the qualities of the author's earlier work, and is decidedly inferior in workmanship and style to his short stories.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

BY his treatise on *Christian Patience* Bishop Ullathorne completes the cycle of his discussion of the Christian virtues. There is a logical completeness in his method. The spiritual

* *Christian Patience the Strength and Discipline of the Soul*. By Bishop Ullathorne. London and New York: Burns & Oates.

Sermons Preached at Uppingham School. By the Rev. Edward Thring, M.A. 2 vols. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: George Bell & Sons.

Constitutional Loyalty and other Words "Necessary for these Times." By D. P. Chase, D.D. London: Rivingtons.

The Hopes and Decisions of the Passion. By W. J. Knox-Little, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

The Cambridge Greek Testament—The Epistles of St. John. By the Rev. A. Plummer, M.A., D.D. Cambridge: At the University Press.

The Cambridge Greek Testament—The First Epistle to the Corinthians. By the Rev. J. J. Lias, M.A. Cambridge: At the University Press.

The Eucharistic Life of Jesus Christ. By M. Jacques Bireat. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

The Valiant Woman. By Archbishop Landriot. Dublin: Gill & Son. *Helps to Belief—Miracles*. By the Rev. Brownlow Maitland, M.A. London: Cassell & Co.

Preachers and Preaching. By the Author of "Fashionable Christianity." Marlborough: Charles Perkins.

The Contemporary Pulpit. Vol. V. January to June, 1886. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

endowments of man are shown to be based on doctrinal foundations, and corresponding to their source and supply is the spiritual quality in men which is receptive of them—namely, the virtue of Christian humility. The part which patience—the subject of the present treatise—fulfils is that of being the strength and disciplinary power of the soul; it is “the bond of all virtues.” The supreme grace of charity has no separate treatment, but is regarded throughout the three discussions as the animating principle of the Giver and the receiver, as well as of the virtue, patience, which employs the gifts to the strengthening and refreshing of the soul. A volume like this comes almost like a welcome surprise to the thoughtful. Not to speak of the self-ignorant and superficial life of the majority, even religious people and religious teachers forget that orthodoxy and benevolence do not cover the whole sphere of Christianity. There is besides the wide area of self-improvement, hardly occupied at all by modern writers or Anglican preachers. The treatment of it is scarcely attempted with anything like the learning, patience, and affectionate exhaustiveness of Bishop Ullathorne. The patience which he elucidates and extols is seen to be something more than passivity; it has its active side in its influence on the intellect, the temper, and the will, and is the condition—*sine quâ non*—of perfectness to all the virtues. It is impossible to look into this elaborate series of discourses without a pang for the deficiencies of a popular Christianity which has omitted from the whole duty of man the cultivation of beauty of character, and is only faintly conscious of the effect of character upon Christian work. The omission is the characteristic defect of Protestantism, and Bishop Ullathorne deserves the thanks of all Christian communions for calling them back to the realities of personal being, for the catholic spirit in which he makes his appeal, and—it may fairly be added—for conveying it in language which, for simple dignity and “*lucidus ordo*,” leaves nothing to be desired.

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Thring is possessed with the spirit of Uppingham. The school is not only his life's work, but his creation and his own child. The sense that he and all who hear him, and all who are or have been at Uppingham, are members of a society is the inspiration of his *Uppingham Sermons*. The two great commandments for every Uppingham boy and master are devotion to the school and duty to himself, and the Head-master finds it hard to believe that there breathes a soul so dead as not to be fired by both enthusiasms. The appeal to *esprit de corps* is constant throughout the many sermons of these two volumes, and the preacher is wise as well as right in trusting to a motive which he knows to be paramount with the class he is addressing. But he rises above this grace of local colouring and maintains a high standard of Christian manhood, and advances the highest motive for seeking to attain it. The fellowship and discipline of school life, however precious, are only a preparation, a “schoolmaster to bring” boys to something higher and wider. It is possible to have kept all the commandments and ordinances of the school from youth up and to lack much yet. This is the spirit of Mr. Thring's sermons, which in style are terse and abrupt, sometimes to the verge of ruggedness, and in substance have the rare virtue of expressing each of them a definite thought; sometimes an out-of-the-way one, but never one that is either shallow or crotchety. Mr. Thring has attained the right to speak as he likes, and his manner suits him; but we venture to think that he often sacrifices clearness and sometimes impressiveness to his excessive desire to be brief.

To pass from Mr. Thring's earnest appeals to Dr. Chase's calm and analytic addresses to the understanding is like getting into harbour after a storm. The Principal of St. Mary Hall, under the title of *Constitutional Loyalty*, has given to the world the “gleanings” of thirty years' sermons, seven in all, and even so one too many for the unity of his little volume. The other six are on burning questions, such as the Inspiration of Scripture, the relations of Church and State, Christian unity, and so on; but they have, it is hard to guess why, as a kind of figurehead, a sermon on “Dull Sermons,” which is the only really dull sermon of the seven—perhaps it would violate the canons of art if it were not. The others are interesting, chiefly from an archaeological point of view; they are skeletons of dead controversies, or high-water marks of the rising tide of what appears to some as liberality and to others as unbelief. They are Oxford to the core, but Oxford enlightened and stimulated by the period of Oriel to which Dr. Chase belonged. Perhaps no pages in the volume illustrate the combined conservatism and open-mindedness of the writer better than those in which he tries to account for the difference in quality of different parts of Scripture. It was something to avow in the pulpit of St. Mary's in 1864 that he could not accept *θεωρεω* of “every scripture”; but it is unphilosophical to say that the “inspired” portions are due to “extraordinary,” and the less or not inspired to the “ordinary” divine workings, and that the former are “miraculous” and the latter natural. The difference is in the men, not in the “working.” Isaiah is as natural as the writer of Esther, and the extraordinary workings as natural as the ordinary, if man is a part of nature and God the spirit of it all; but Isaiah is the greater and the truer man, and the working in the larger nature is as natural as the working in the feeble. But the most reverent thinkers have got beyond the liberalism of 1864, and, with no less admiration of Isaiah, could not call his sublime provisions “miraculous,” because they have a different notion of a miracle.

In deference to “requests from many quarters” Canon Knox-Little has published, under the title of *The Hopes and Decisions*

of the *Passion*, his Lent Lectures at St. Paul's in 1884-85. They will probably be most popular among those who heard them preached, and much but not all of their charm will be due to the memory of their delivery. For there is a good deal in them which is suitable and attractive enough in the pulpit, but is out of place in a book intended for meditation and study. An eloquent preacher cannot give up his “purple patches,” or repress his illustrations and rhetorical artifices; the living voice and personality carry them off, and the associations of time and place recommend them, but sermons have none of these aids when they come to be read. Sermons of this sort have done their work when they have been preached, and if published should be published as books of devotion. The preacher seems to have the qualities necessary for the difficult task of writing a book of devotions of the more emotional kind, and we believe, if he would set himself to the excision of all the more especially pulpit features of these sermons, that he has intuition and sympathy enough to mould the residue into a really valuable little volume. The hopes and decisions suggested by the *Passion* might be the subject of many sober and penetrating studies.

The *Epistles of St. John* are one of the latest contributions to *The Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges*, a series of which it is difficult to exaggerate the value to those who make a special study of individual books of the New Testament, but one in which the several parts are for the most part treated in a manner too copious and exhaustive for any one either at school or college *in statu pupillari*. In the volume now before us the text of the Epistles occupies 11 pages, and the introduction, notes, and appendices about 280. Of course such voluminous exposition increases its value as a book of reference, and as such we are glad to be able to give it a cordial welcome. The text has been selected on a principle which will commend itself to most scholars; the special questions arising out of the Epistles have been faced, and the editor has the courage of his convictions about them. On the question of authorship he is clearly of opinion that the Gospel and the first Epistle are by the same hand, and if the first in all probability the second and third, but he appears to us to assume with too much confidence and against a good deal of internal improbability that the same writer is the author of the Revelation too. The inquiry of course involves the existence of John the Elder, whom Dr. Plummer summarily consigns to the limbo of fictitious personages along with his namesake the mediæval Prester John. Other points of interest are the place and date of the Epistles, the writer's intellectual and moral surroundings, which, assuming Ephesus at the end of the first century to answer the question of place and date, shed much light on its substance, “the three heavenly witnesses” passage, which the editor amply justifies the Revisers for omitting, “the three evil tendencies,” which he explains by the parallelism of our Lord's Temptations, the Anti-christ, whom he is inclined to regard as a person rather than an influence, the *δοξαι*, in which he finds much evidence that the writer was acquainted with these Epistles. These and other topics of controversy or question are treated with learning and fairness; and the discussion of them, coupled with a careful examination of the texts and versions, and with notes which, we think, might be condensed, make up a volume which represents what is known so far about the subject of the editor's laborious and intelligent study.

Mr. Lias's edition of *The First Epistle to the Corinthians*, as compared with the work just noticed, shows that uniformity in the manner of treatment is not one of the conditions imposed on his contributors by the general editor of *The Cambridge Greek Testament*. It may have been intended that this most popular of all the Epistles should be handled in a popular manner. Whatever be the reason, there is a noticeable diminution of the critical element which forms such a large part of the notes and excursus of Dr. Plummer's contribution, and the volume, both by its brevity and simplicity, is better adapted for the use of schoolboys and undergraduates. It is the work rather of a parochial clergyman intent on practical application than of a University student devoted to research. For this Epistle is not only the first instance of the application of the principles of Christianity to the conduct of daily life, but it is, in a sense, to Christians a sort of fifth Gospel, and, except the Gospels, no Christian document can vie with it in interest and importance. To say that it contains the first account of the institution of the Eucharist, the earliest record of the Resurrection, and the fullest exposition of the virtue which is the basis of the Christian life, is enough to justify this claim. Mr. Lias does justice to these marked characteristics, and, except in xv. 36, where he fails to notice the slip in St. Paul's argument from analogy, treats them with adequate fulness in his brief and lucid notes. He wisely separates his critical from his exegetic comments, and in this, as well as in other details, has in mind the average as well as the scholarly student of the Greek Testament.

The Eucharistic Life of Jesus Christ is the title of eight sermons preached in Paris in the year 1657 by M. Jacques Béroat, Preacher to Louis XIV. It has been translated by Mr. E. G. Varnish, who renders the preacher's Latin with much more elegance than his French, and it is issued with the announcement of a preface by Mr. Arthur Tooth, which is a page and a half long, and gives the reader no information whatever about the book. These sermons (which must once have had some vogue, for they went through five editions in the ten years after their delivery) are based, the author tells us, on a conception of his own that the Redeemer has “two different lives,” “the visible one which he led in this

world, and the other, invisible and secret, which he leads in the Eucharist." This idea is worked out in his eight discourses with a methodical iteration of arrangement which grows wearisome, each sermon being divided into two "points" and each point into three heads. Nor is the monotony of arrangement to us relieved by the musings and reveries and raptures of a mystic on a self-engendered idea; for there is no ground, either in philosophy or revelation, for this bifurcation of the divine life. There may, no doubt, be persons to whom this close and clouded ecclesiastical atmosphere may seem the congenial home of faith, to whom the sense of mystery is essential, who would follow the fine distinctions and infinitesimal details evolved from the preacher's imagination with a feeling of religious service; and M. Biroat's *conférences* may be recommended to those who are so constituted and trained. But few Anglicans of our day, unless they were in a cloister (even if they should grant the central hypothesis on which the work is based), and perhaps quite as few Roman Catholics, would compare it for use or beauty with the treatise just noticed by Bishop Ullathorne.

The Valiant Woman is the "virtuous" woman of Proverbs xxxi. 10, and the rendering of our Authorized Version seems the more exact reproduction of the ἀνδρείαν of the LXX. than the *fortem* of the Vulgate, and it would certainly have been a better title for Archbishop Landriot's seventeen *conférences* on the qualities of womanhood in this famous chapter. Reading his always polished and sometimes piercing addresses to "ladies," one is reminded now of Samuel Warren's "Rev. Morphine Velvet" and now of the trained anatomist of human motives, and inclined now to be amused, now indignant, and now grateful. The Archbishop is never dull, and he is often outspoken, as when he reminds his fair hearers (and he is careful to say that he does not undervalue beauty) of the moral dangers of visiting, gossiping, self-indulgence, vanity, and debt; when he tells them that domestic duties stand first, that early rising is essential to their performance, that the *femme incompréhensible* is a rather contemptible sort of person. The *main de fer* makes itself felt in most of these addresses because the preacher speaks with an evident knowledge of the society in which his hearers move; but the velvet glove is a little too velvety now and then, and it rather grates, on English ears at all events, to meet with a deprecator "I am anxious, ladies, to avoid exaggeration; I would not absolutely condemn anything that is not undoubtedly evil," in a warning of the perils of general society, and it is hard not to smile when "a woman fair and foolish" is compared to "a golden ring in the snout of an animal hardly to be mentioned here except under its Latin name." How did the courtly mentor bring himself to mention "snout"? These are only surface blemishes; perhaps it is only our insular brutality not to regard them as graces. There is a fund of good sense in the advice to fashionable women in these sermons, and, *mutatis mutandis*, they might well be preached in many churches in London.

Mr. Brownlow Maitland contributes a paper on *Miracles* to the "Helps to Belief" series, in which he protests against the view which regards them as mere interruptions to the order of nature, to be proved by evidence, without regard to the whole system of Divine intervention in the affairs of men which we call by the name of revealed religion. Let the principle, he says, of God's miraculous intervention on fitting occasions for the purposes of his moral government be admitted on the ground of the evidence for the miracles of the Gospel, and all the rest becomes a matter of detail. Regard the position and the results of Christianity, and the miracles appear as the natural and inevitable concomitants of the sublime personality which has so changed the face of the world.

The writer of a little tract called *Preachers and Preaching* expresses a hope that it may be useful as a help and guide to his younger brethren, and we need say no more about it than that, if they are very young, we think it may.

The Contemporary Pulpit for the first half of the present year gives most of its space to the clergy of the Church of England, beginning with Dean Church, one of whose finest sermons opens the volume. Nonconformity is not adequately represented, but the wants and difficulties of busy or inexperienced preachers are considered in a number of skeleton sermons by distinguished divines, intended to be padded out to the requisite length, and supplied with a reference to the full-length discourse from which they are condensed. This is, as far as we remember, a new departure of *The Contemporary Pulpit*, and undoubtedly supplies a new motive to a large class to become subscribers to it.

A RECORD OF BUDDHISTIC KINGDOMS.*

THE translation of Fā-hien's travels appears to have much in common with the task which, as the story goes, was named by a certain Eastern king to be performed by his courtiers in succession. When the lords-in-waiting laid the results of their labours before the throne, it was found that there were blemishes in every essay, and that in no case was the work perfectly performed. So it has been with the translation of Fā-hien's travels. A succes-

sion of French and English scholars have undertaken the work, but one and all of them have fallen short of the standard of excellence to which they each aspired to attain. Rémusat was the first to enter the lists, but he died without publishing his *Foe koue ki, ou Relation des Royaumes Bouddhiques*, which, however, was brought out subsequently, "revu, complété et augmenté," by MM. Klaproth and Landresse in 1836. Professor Beal came next with his *Travels of Fah-hien and Sung-yun* (1869), a revised edition of which is prefixed to his *Buddhistic Records of the Western World* (1884). To him succeeded Mr. Giles, who published his *Record of the Buddhistic Kingdoms* in 1877. Mr. Watters followed, with a series of articles in the *China Review* on "Fa-hsien and his English Translators" (1879, 1880), in which, while criticizing the labours of Messrs. Beal and Giles, he translated numerous passages from the text; and now Professor Legge steps into the arena, and, gathering up the weapons scattered by his predecessors in the contest, faces the giant Difficulty.

No doubt the translation of Fā-hien's narrative is a task requiring very unusual attainments. He was the first Chinaman of whose travels in India we have a detailed account. Every thing he saw and every place he visited was new to him, and the native names presented strange and unaccustomed sounds to his ears. All these he had, like another Marco Polo, to describe and reproduce in Chinese after his return to China. In addition to this, his narrative mainly relates to Buddhism; and those who have followed the controversies which have of late years arisen in Europe from time to time on this most difficult subject will understand what an occasion for wordy polemics a Chinese work on Indian Buddhism, written more than fourteen hundred years ago, may readily offer. A translator of Fā-hien should, then, be a master of Chinese, a well-versed geographer, and have a thorough knowledge of Buddhism. These qualifications are so rarely to be met with in conjunction that it is no matter for surprise that each succeeding translator has been able to pick holes in the work of his predecessors.

It is beyond dispute that Professor Legge has many of the qualifications for the task. His position as a Chinese scholar is unquestioned, and his knowledge of the classical literature of China is both wide and deep. All this goes without saying; but his training as a defender of the truths of Christianity in *partibus infidelium* has tended to mitigate his power of sympathy with alien faiths. His recollection of his contests with Chinese Buddhism on the spot is too fresh for him to adopt any other attitude than that of an antagonist in translating and annotating Fā-hien's travels. And so, for example, he resents the idea of the law of Buddha being called "the law," as it is always called by Fā-hien, following the common usage, and he inserts the word "our" before it when in the mouth of Fā-hien and "his" when it is spoken of by another person, neither of which words finds expression in the text. The Buddhist miracles, also, are evidently trying to his patience, and in his note on the burning of Ananda's body in the middle of the river, he sums up his commentary by saying, "What it all really means I cannot tell." Again, in the account of a miraculous footprint of Buddha, Fā-hien says that it appears long or short, *tsai jin sin nien—lit.* "according to the reflections in the heart of the man" (beholding it), in other words, "according to the intensity of his faith." This eye of faith is a well-known condition to the appreciation of Buddhist miracles. By its power a dull bead enclosed in a shrine becomes a sparkling tear-drop, the mist hanging in the valley beneath Mount Omi becomes illumined with the "glory of Buddha," and the sombre walls of caves reflect the shadow of Sākyamuni. But it finds no sanction from Professor Legge, who translates the phrase by "according to the ideas of the beholder (on the subject)." In the same uncompromising spirit he remarks on the passage in which it is stated that at the First Council "Ananda was then outside the door, and could not get in." "Did they not contrive to let him in with some cackination, even in so august an assembly, that so important a member should have been shut out?"

We cannot help wishing that Professor Legge sympathized more with those who feel that the faith which has removed mountains of iniquity in Asia, and which, among other instances of self-devotion, prompted Fā-hien to leave home and country in search of further religious enlightenment, and sustained him in all the dangers and difficulties of his pilgrimage, is deserving of respectful consideration. When in about A.D. 400 Fā-hien, with four companions, started for India to seek for the Disciplinary Rules, they went forth with their lives in their hands in search of an almost unknown land, with no earthly reward in view, and with the certainty of meeting with perils and difficulties. Fortunately for us as well as for himself, Fā-hien lived to return to China, and to leave a record of his wanderings, the general correctness and accuracy of which has stood the scrutiny of ages. There is no question, nor indeed is there room for any, as to the general route taken by Fā-hien in approaching India from its north-western frontier. Tracing his footsteps we find that he travelled south and south-east through Wuchang or Udhyaṇa, and that from thence he proceeded through the now inaccessible region of Swat to the modern territory of Peshāwār. Fā-hien transcribes the name Swat by Soo-ho-to, to which Professor Legge appends the note—"I suppose it was what we now call Swastene." Here he is in error. The place is called Swat now as it was then; but we imagine that, having found the Greek name Suanene in one of the maps of Cunningham's Ancient Geography, he was led to conclude that that was the name by which it is now known.

* *A Record of Buddhistic Kingdoms; being an Account by the Chinese Monk Fā-hien of his Travels in India and Ceylon (A.D. 399-414).* By James Legge, M.A., LL.D. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1886.

From Peshāwur the traveller, instead of immediately proceeding into the Panjāb, went westward in the direction of Kābul to visit the many spots famous in local Buddhist legends which abounded in the vicinity of the modern Jalālābad. Of this region the city which Fā-hien calls *Na-keeh*, Hwen Ts'ang *Nakiloh*, and Ptolemy *Nagara*, the *Nagara-hāra* of an ancient Indian inscription, was the centre. This city lay, as Cunningham tells us, two miles west of Jalālābad, and not "about thirty miles," as Professor Legge believes. Fā-hien then crossed the Safed Koh into the Kuram country, and travelled south-east to Bannu, a district famous in our time as the scene of the early exploits of Herbert Edwardes and Reynell Taylor. After this he crossed the Indus a long way south-eastward, mentioning only one place by name, until he reached Ma-t'aou-lo, or Muttra, as it is known to us.

Thus it will be observed that Fā-hien in his actual journeyings leaves far to the left all the sites in the Panjāb and Kashmir, the accounts of which, given by Hwen Ts'ang, a century and a half later, have thrown so much light on the ancient geography of North-Western India. This omission seems to have struck the traveller himself; and between chapter x., which speaks of his arrival in the northern part of Gandhāra, and chapter xii., which speaks of the shrines and relics of Peshāwur, he interposes a brief chapter (xi.) glancing at Takshasilā, beyond the Indus, and at two of its most famous sacred places. The introductory words of this interposed chapter read, "At seven days' journey to the east from this there is a country called Chuh-sha-sho-lo." Professor Legge, however, renders the passage by "Seven days' journey from this to the east brought the travellers to the kingdom of Takshasilā." This, it will be observed, is a direct departure from the text, asserting as it does that Fā-hien actually made the journey to Takshasilā. If he had done so we should surely have been told of his next move. But nothing follows; there is no mention of any further advance eastward except another impersonal mention of a place two days' journey to the east, where the Bodhisattva threw down his body to feed a starving tigress; nor of any return to Gandhāra; *vestigia nulla retrorsum*.

But having once got off the track, Professor Legge is obliged to seek for an explanation of the geographical puzzle of which he is himself the author, and writes in a note on Takshasilā, "Eitel says, 'The Taxila of the Greeks, the region near Hoosun Abdaul'—meaning Hāsān Abdāl—" . . . But this identification, I am satisfied, is wrong. Cunningham, indeed, takes credit (*Ancient Geography of India*, pp. 108, 109) for determining this to be the site of Arrian's Taxila—in the upper Panjāb, still existing in the ruins of Shahdheri, between the Indus and Hydaspes. . . . So far he may be correct; but the Takshasilā of Fā-hien was on the other side of the Indus, and between the river and Gandhāra. It took him, indeed, seven days' travelling eastward to reach it, and we do not know what stoppages he had made on the way. We must be wary in reckoning distances from the specifications of days."

We do not know on what authority Professor Legge affirms that the Takshasilā of Fā-hien was on the west side of the Indus. Fā-hien does not say so, and so far as we know there is no support whatever for the assertion. We can only suppose, therefore, that Professor Legge is compelled to assume it to account for the absence of any mention of crossing the river on the imaginary journey which he makes Fā-hien take. Even if we knew nothing else of Takshasilā (or Taxila, it is the same thing) than the name, and we had the correct distance and direction of seven days' eastward, it would be all that would be needed for identification. And even if Fā-hien had said "This country is reached before you come to the Indus," we could only say "This is an error, we know better!" But Fā-hien not only gives the true direction, distance, and name of Taxila, but he mentions two places of special legendary sanctity in the district which we know from the travels of Hwen Ts'ang to have been in the neighbourhood which that traveller distinctly locates east of the Indus, places which General Cunningham has most plausibly identified, one of them being the famous tope of Manikyāla, which ranks among the most remarkable and celebrated remains in India. In this identification Vivien de Saint Martin and every other geographer who has dealt with these subjects cordially agree, and, as Professor Legge does not bring forward any evidence in support of his case, it must be allowed to go by default. We would remark also that the caution which Professor Legge gives against reckoning distances from Fā-hien's specification of days is a reflection on the traveller which he does not deserve. So far as Fā-hien's distances have been measured, a day's journey with him has been proved to have a definite value, and the only effect of throwing doubt upon this point is to open the flood-gates to all kinds of loose and rash geographical conjectures.

But while considering that, like the courtiers of the Eastern king already mentioned, Professor Legge has fallen short of perfection, we have yet much to be grateful to him for his present work. His introduction is excellent, and we are quite at one with him in his estimate of the small number of professing Buddhists in China. The illustrations also are most interesting, and the advantage of having the text within the same covers as the translation will be fully appreciated by all those to whom a comparison of the two conveys any meaning.

LOFTIE'S HISTORIC LONDON.*

LONDON was founded exactly a thousand years ago by King Alfred, who chose for the site of his city a place formerly fortified by the Romans, but desolated successively by the Saxons and the Danes." This is Mr. Loftie's epitome of the early history of London; these few lines give the substance of his theory on the subject, which differs widely from the usually accepted notions in many respects, and especially as to the size and importance of London during the greater part of the Roman period. According to Mr. Loftie, for the first three centuries after Christ, Londinium, or at least that part of it which stood on the Middlesex side of the river, consisted only of one large rectangular fortress, said to have been built by Aulus Plautius in the year 43 A.D. The western bastions of the fort reached to the present site of the Cannon Street Terminus, and the eastern end to Mincing Lane, while the south side was bounded by the Thames. On account of Ptolemy's statement that London was situated in Cantium—that is, on the southern side of the Thames—Mr. Loftie is inclined to think that a larger and more important Roman town existed in Southwark, where remains of Roman building have been found. "The situation," he writes, "was one of great importance. It commanded the approach from Canterbury and Dover and the Continent to the bridge." Extensive suburbs sprang up during the second and third centuries around the Middlesex fortress; but it was not till after the death of Constantine, some time between the years 350 and 368, that this outer ring of houses was enclosed by a fortification wall. This second wall was restored in 886 by King Alfred to secure London against the inroads of the Danes, and its line still forms a great part of the boundary of the City. With the exception of this wall, the bridge across the Thames, and the line of the ancient roads, Mr. Loftie thinks that Roman London was completely blotted out; and that it had in no way, either by its buildings or social and municipal institutions, any influence upon the London of later times. He says:—"Indeed, the two chief events in the history of Roman London, the building of the bridge and the building of the wall, might alone have been mentioned, as they are the only two events of the period which had any permanent effect on its later existence." This fourth-century circuit-wall enclosed a space of three hundred and eighty acres, and was about three and a quarter miles in circumference. "One of its bastions," Mr. Loftie says, "was used by Bishop Gundulf as part of the foundation of the great White Tower; and another may still be seen, with houses built upon it, in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate." Its remains show that it was a very massive stone and concrete structure, with "lacing courses" of large tiles at intervals, exactly like the walls of Colchester, Richborough, and other fortified towns in Britain.

Mr. Loftie shows that both the inner fortress and the outer circuit wall had three principal gateways, through which issued three very important roads. That on the west was a branch of the great Watling Street which led to Wroter; on the north was the Ermine Street to Colchester and Lincoln, and southwards a continuation of the same road led across the bridge to the Southwark fortress, then on to Dover and so across the Channel to Gaul. The junction of these lines of road, in the heart of the primitive smaller fortress, formed a market-place which occupied the present site of Eastcheap.

Mr. Loftie points out in a very interesting way the lines of some of the Roman roads, as marked by existing streets. Watling Street, he tells us, passed along the present Edgware Road as far as the Marble Arch, where it divided, one branch running eastwards along the line of Oxford Street and Holborn into London, and the other continuing in a southern direction along Park Lane, across the Green Park and St. James's Park, to the shore of what was then, not a deep river, but a very extensive and shallow lake, which covered a great part of Westminster and Lambeth. Across this piece of water Mr. Loftie thinks there was a ford which made Thorney Island, where Westminster Abbey now stands, into a sort of stepping-stone. From the other side of this ford the road continued its course southwards to Kent. Mr. Loftie, no doubt, has good reasons for his history of Roman London, but it is so different from the prevalent views on the subject that one cannot but hesitate before accepting the theory; and it is to be regretted that the narrow limits of the volume, rigidly fixed as to harmonize with others in the same series, have prevented a more complete statement of the facts which have led the author to his conclusions. Without distinct evidence to the contrary, we are naturally inclined to think that Roman London must have been a more important place than Mr. Loftie takes it to have been, judging, at least, from the evidence of the many large and richly-decorated houses which have been found in such numbers within the whole area of the City. The superposition in many cases of pavement over pavement, and the discovery of coins of the early emperors, seem to show that even in the first century A.D. buildings of great architectural pretensions and handsome detail were not rare among the dwellings of the Roman Londoners. Mr. Loftie mentions the very interesting fact that coins of nearly all the emperors have been found in the river-bed by the site of the Roman bridge, thrown in "as a tribute to the tutelary deity of the Thames." A primitive notion existed among the Romans and other races that a bridge was an offence and injury to the river-god, as it saved people from being drowned while fording

* *Historic Towns*. Edited by Dr. E. A. Freeman and the Rev. William Hunt. London. By W. J. Loftie. London: Longmans & Co.

or swimming across, and so robbed the deity of a certain number of victims which were his due. For many centuries in Rome propitiatory offerings of human victims were made every year to the Tiber; men and women were drowned by being bound and flung from the wooden Sublician bridge, which till nearly the end of the Republican period was the one and only bridge across the Tiber in Rome. The author's section on the history of the municipal government of London is of special value and interest, based as it is on the firm ground of original documentary evidence, especially the very important MSS. discovered among the archives of St. Paul's Cathedral, and printed by Mr. Maxwell Lytton, with other matter of the same kind, in the Ninth Report of the Historical MSS. Commission.

Mr. Loftie shows that there was a complete breach of continuity between Roman and later times. "We can trace the growth of the wickreeve or portreeve until he becomes Mayor, and we can find the origin of each separate official, without any possibility of assigning him a Roman, seldom even a Saxon, beginning." From 673 to 1066 London was governed by this wickreeve, an official appointed by the king, and not by any body of citizens. The rule of this governor seems only to have been tempered by an appeal "to the altar"—that is, no doubt, to the Bishop of London. William the Norman's Charter, promising protection to the citizens of London, is addressed to William, Bishop and Gosfrith, portreeve, as being the ruling powers of the City, and no mention is made of any other municipal authority. The promises of this Charter seem to have been faithfully kept by the Conqueror, and in the year 1101 further concessions were made. "Henry I.," Mr. Loftie writes, "who owed it (the City) a debt of gratitude for its early recognition of his claim to the Crown, issued a charter which in aftertimes was looked upon as the foundation of the Londoners' chief privileges." This important charter gave the citizens the right to hunt throughout a large district round London; and it freed them from Danegeld and various other tolls and taxes. But the most important point of all was that it gave them, as Mr. Loftie shows, the right to elect their own portreeve or mayor, as he was afterwards called, in place of the former portreeve appointed by the king. Here we have the real beginning of the mediæval and modern municipal government of the City. The exact date when the portreeve took the title of mayor is not known, but the transition was accomplished, as Mr. Loftie says, without any civic convulsion.

It is rather difficult to follow Mr. Loftie's remarks on the City guilds, and their connexion with the existing City Companies. He says:—"Many modern historians mention 'trade guilds' as apart from 'religious guilds.' I have not, in London at least, been able to ascertain the existence of a guild which was not religious, and did not boast of a special patron in the calendar of saints."

Now, although all guilds had a patron saint, and kept up either a special altar and mass-priest, or, if the members were poor, merely a light burning before some public altar, yet there is a real distinction between the two sorts of guilds. Some, such as the guild of Corpus Christi or the Calendar's guild in various towns, were founded for purely religious and social purposes, and had no connexion with any special trade or craft. Others, on the contrary, were limited to the workers in some special handicraft, though they combined the religious and social advantages of the non-commercial guilds. This is clearly brought out in the valuable series of guild documents which was printed by the late Mr. Toulmin Smith (*Early English Text Society*, 1870). The political importance of the latter class, or trade guilds, was very great, and in many cases the members of the leading guild of a town became its municipal governors. A law of Edward III. (49) enacted that no one should possess the freedom of the City or have a vote in any election unless he were a member of some trade guild. Edward III. himself became a member of the Linen-armourers' guild, and many of his nobles followed his example, as did other subsequent kings of England. During the short period at the end of the thirteenth century when Dante was one of the leading politicians of Florence, a similar Act was passed by the then dominant anti-aristocratic party, and Dante joined the Medical guild of Florence. Mr. Loftie discusses these points at pp. 113-114, but takes a rather different view of the subject, holding, if we understand him rightly, that a third class of "Companies" existed, which was distinct both from the religious and the trade guilds; and that in Edward III.'s Charter "a loophole was left for the admission of those residents who were not engaged in any commercial pursuit." In one sense, of course, this was so. Such members as the king and his nobles did not actually practise the trade of the guilds to which they belonged; but nevertheless to obtain the privileges of citizenship in London, as in Florence, it appears to have been necessary to have been enrolled in some one of the many trade-guilds of the City.

Mr. Loftie's chapter on the history of St. Paul's Cathedral and the many parish churches of London is specially interesting, and contains some novel views on the subject. He attributes the founding of many of the small parishes to a comparatively late date, and explains the building of the two small secular churches which adjoined St. Paul's—St. Gregory's and St. Faith's—and other examples of the same sort, by the fact that "the great religious houses in the tenth and eleventh centuries found the presence of an ordinary parochial congregation very irksome." The founding of a new parish church does not, however, necessarily imply the creation of a new parish. For example, the parish of Winchcombe, in Gloucestershire, existed in what may be called

prehistoric times, and yet there was no separate parish church till the middle of the fifteenth century. Up to that time, as was frequently the case, the parishioners had the right to use the nave of the great Benedictine abbey church; and their high altar was the so-called "Jesus Altar," which stood against the rood-screen under the great crucifix. In the fifteenth century a rich abbot of Winchcombe built the large and handsome church which now exists for the use of parishioners, on condition that they gave up their rights in the Abbey nave. The unfortunate result of this was that at the suppression the Abbey church, being wholly monastic, was completely destroyed, and now not one stone remains above ground to mark the site of what was one of the most magnificent abbey churches in England. With regard to the number of the London parishes in early times Mr. Loftie says:—"We have no proof that London was divided into more than three or four parishes until the time of King Alfred." This is only negative evidence, and it is hardly possible to disprove the contrary theory, for which a good deal can be said. One significant fact is noted by Mr. Loftie. "In London it is observed that parishes of the same dedication are often near together. . . . We have All Hallows the Great and All Hallows the Less, St. Mary Mounthaw and St. Mary Somerset, St. Nicholas Olave and St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, and a few more. In each of these cases it is certain that a parish has been divided; in some of them the division is recorded." The concluding chapters, which deal with the trade of London and its relations with the rest of England, though short, are full of valuable and interesting matter.

The whole book is an excellent beginning of what promises to be an instructive and carefully prepared series of monographs on the most historically interesting of the cities of England by a number of exceptionally able writers.

EARLY ITALIAN PRINTS.*

I.

IT is now about six years since we placed upon our shelves a handsome uncut imp. 8vo. entitled *A Catalogue of Engravings, Etchings, and Woodcuts*. The work was prepared as an index to a rich and very varied collection, chiefly of early engravings and illustrated printed books, in the possession of Mr. Fisher; and, though modestly described in his preface as "scarcely of sufficient interest to warrant publication," it is a volume which might have borne a much more imposing title-page, since it is not a mere catalogue of rare prints and precious books which have found a resting-place in Mr. Fisher's portfolios or upon his shelves, but is enriched with numerous facsimile reprints of rare engravings from metal or from wood, and with the author's "notes and memoranda respecting the artist-engravers themselves and their association with the different schools of painting illustrated by their productions."

The volume which is now before us, upon the masters of the Early Italian Schools of Engraving, is by the same hand. Printed by order of the Trustees, it is intended as an introduction to the study of what the Keeper of the Prints very properly describes as "the unrivalled collection of engravings by the masters of the Early Italian school which are preserved in the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum," and is shortly to be followed by an "Official Catalogue of the collection, based in great part upon the labours of Mr. Fisher, whose authority upon the subject" (adds Mr. Colvin) "is well known." When all is complete, we may hope that a collection whose extraordinary comprehensiveness and value is far too little understood may become more generally known and more widely appreciated.

In the earlier chapters of Mr. Fisher's introduction he discusses the origin and merits of the small and often very beautiful little prints which are commonly though erroneously termed *nielli*; relating again the discovery made by the Abbé Zani, A.D. 1797, in the Cabinet des Estampes at Paris, of what proved to be the trial proof of the celebrated niellated Pax of the Coronation of the Virgin executed for the Church of San Giovanni at Florence, the workmanship, as has been generally supposed, of the celebrated goldsmith Maso, or Tomaso Finiguerra, immortalized by Vasari. Mr. Fisher, after quoting the opinion of Antonio Gori, who in 1746 became Prior of the Baptistery of San Giovanni, and who unhesitatingly accepted the ascription of the Pax to Finiguerra, refers to the arguments of Rumohr, who in 1841 attempted to demonstrate, though we have always thought on insufficient grounds, that the Pax of the Coronation of the Virgin was the work of Matteo, the son of Giovanni Dei, a famous goldsmith and citizen of Florence. The argument was recently renewed in *L'Art* by, amongst others, our friend the late M. Eugène Dutuit, who supported the contention of Rumohr; the basis of the argument being the recorded words of Cellini, who speaks of a Pax by Finiguerra of the Crucifixion, and of others engraved with scenes from the Passion of Christ, but who does not refer to any Pax by this artist of the Coronation of the Virgin. The correct attribution of the authorship of genuine "nielli" has so important a bearing upon the early history of engraving that we need make no apology to our readers for directing their especial attention to whatever has been written upon the subject. The preservation and present oc-

* Introduction to a Catalogue of the Early Italian Prints in the British Museum. By Richard Fisher. Printed by Order of the Trustees. London. 1886.

currence of trial proofs of engraved plates, taken from the incised metal, not to be preserved and distributed, but only to show how the work of the engraver was proceeding, and the fact of these trial proofs dating from a time when prints as the intentional result of engraving are supposed to have been absolutely unknown, reveals a chapter in the history of art which in these days, when every imaginable form of engraving is abundantly practised, it is not easy to understand. Still less explicable is it that those who have described and catalogued these trial proofs should have admitted their existence in such extraordinary numbers. Remembering the only reason assumed for their production at all, it seems necessarily to follow that those that are preserved would be excessively rare, and not unfrequently unique, since no more would be printed than were required to serve the engraver's purpose or form the design for further work; and, the plate once "niellated"—i.e. its incised lines filled with the black imperishable compound known as "nigellum"—no further impressions could be taken. Singularly enough, it has been reserved for recent writers to demonstrate their rarity. The earlier catalogues had apparently no hesitation in describing as "nielli" any number of little prints of presumably similar character. Thus Duchesne enumerates more than four hundred; Passavant raises the number to about eight hundred and fifty—though in justice to this laborious author it must be said that with regard to many of them he expresses dissatisfaction. Mr. Fisher, with a truer regard for probability, places himself on the side of Rumohr and Koloff, in Meyer's *Künstler-Lexikon* (1878), and definitely rejects by far the greater number, declaring that at the most not more than thirty have been preserved. Among those which he would reject are apparently the whole of the "Peregrini" prints, a series so named from a well-known print of the Resurrection, a first proof of which appeared in Sir Mark Sykes's sale, 1824; a second state, a brilliant impression, is in the Bibliothèque. Below this print is an inscription, in the right direction, *De Opus Peregrini C^e*. Bartsch (vol. xiii.) had described certain prints, bearing the signature P and O. P. D. C., attributing them to the same unknown master; Wilson (*catalogue raisonné*, 1828) tells us that in the inscription *De Opus Peregrini C^e* Duchesne discovered the clue to the goldsmith-engraver who used the mysterious signatures recorded by Bartsch. The learned Abbé Zani, to whom Duchesne submitted his conclusion, not only supported it, but found no difficulty in explaining the variations in the inscriptions. Perhaps we have not fully understood Mr. Fisher's argument, but it appears to us that Duchesne was justified in claiming the merit of the discovery, while he was entirely unaware of the true origin of the "Peregrini" prints, a large purchase of which was effected by the Bibliothèque. We may now, however, safely affirm that the very existence of "the master Peregrini" is somewhat apocryphal; while it would be more than imprudent to class among veritable nielli any one of the little prints which have been assigned to him. Mr. Fisher further invites our attention to the treasures of the Durazzo collection. Count Jacopo Durazzo, while residing at Venice as Ambassador for the Emperor of Austria, formed about A.D. 1774 a private collection of prints, among which were thirty-two impressions of nielli. The collection was from its earliest inception the object of a somewhat jealous seclusion, and when a hundred years later—A.D. 1782-3—it appeared in the auction-room at Stuttgart, the nielli had mysteriously increased to one hundred and eighty-nine. Detailed accounts were given of these prints in the sale catalogue, and among the "important" examples which brought very high prices were "Peregrini prints" and others probably, and Mr. Fisher thinks decidedly, of modern manufacture. For many of the discarded nielli we cannot affect to profess regret; but there are a few whose reputation we would like to have preserved. For instance, and first of all, an Adoration of the Magi attributed to Finiguerra, and of which the impression at the Durazzo sale realized 3,800 florins. There is a fairly creditable reproduction of this print in Duchesne, p. 141, after the original, of course *longo intervallo*. We are compelled to accept Mr. Fisher's decision, feeling convinced that there is no other alternative; yet we do not willingly consent to the deposition of a print, of which four fine impressions of the seven are known to us, but which for the future we must regard, not as illustrating Florentine goldsmiths' work of the fifteenth century, but as engraving, more or less imitative, of the nineteenth. Even without the disclosure of the clever impositions of San Quirico, and his dubious partner, Alvisi Albrizzi, there had been enough to excite suspicion in the too frequent discovery of as yet unknown trial proofs of early niellated silver plates, which, under the fostering care of Count Cicognara, had enriched the cabinets of collectors. The occurrence at the sale of the late Mr. Cheney's collection in May 1885 of a portfolio containing no fewer than 230 acknowledged *supercheries* which Mr. Cheney had himself purchased some years before from the enterprising Venetian dealers is proof sufficient, if further proof is needed, that the deception had been deliberate, and Count Cicognara's innocence of the fraud can for the future only be maintained at the expense of his intellect. It is a significant comment upon the action of Cicognara, that of nielli which belonged to different epochs and different localities in Italy, and were by him described and commented upon in his "Memorie Spettanti," the plates should have found their way into his possession, while the trial proofs on paper were in the hands of the dealer Albrizzi.*

* In a paper which appeared in our *Review*, March 31, 1885, by a clerical error the date of Duchesne's *Essai sur les Nielles* is given as 1819, instead of 1826; it was in 1819 that Duchesne identified the niellist Peregrini, a fact referred to by Bruliot in the following year.

The important position which these nielli hold in the history of early Italian art has caused us to give unusual space to their consideration; it is somewhat singular that the "discovery," if we may thus term it, of the Florentine goldsmith in 1452 should not at once have opened what was practically a new era in the history of art. The Vicomte Delaborde, in fact, asserts that it was not until after Finiguerra's death, in 1470, that the process of taking impressions upon paper from engraved plates was practised for any other purpose than as a test of the work upon the metal; but he has not apparently allowed sufficient value to the evidence which assigns a date to a series of seven prints, known as "the Planets," impressions from plates which were undoubtedly intended for publication. These prints, designed to represent the influence of the several Planets on the events or incidents of human life, valuable as showing both the costume of the period and, by the introduction of architectural details, proving the locality of their execution (Florence), are prefaced by a calendar which, by its reference to the coming Easter of that year, enables us to fix their date at not later than 1464, still, however, leaving twelve years during which we have no positive evidence that the newly-discovered art was recognized and practised. Closely following, if not of an earlier date, are what have since become known as "the Otto Prints" (from the name of a collector, Ernest Otto, of Leipzig, in whose cabinet, 1786, they were enshrined). Chiefly perhaps from their extreme rarity, several of the impressions from the twenty-four plates being absolutely unique, it has been supposed that the Otto prints, like genuine nielli, are trial proofs of work engraved on metal for purposes of ornamentation, not with any preconceived intention of publishing them as impressions. This is a conclusion which we ourselves cannot admit. Not only, for reasons which it is difficult to put on paper, but which will be easily understood by all who have made a special study of any early art, do we, while examining them, feel assured that the engraver during the execution of each plate was as conscious of the effect which he desired to produce upon the paper as were Mantegna and Marc Antonio, only a few years later; but there is the fact, patent to all, that the legends inscribed upon the plates are printed in the right direction, and are not in reverse, as they assuredly would have been if the plates were engraved only to be niellated.

We have, therefore, three sets of prints—genuine "nielli," the earliest dating from 1452; the series called "the Planets," which from internal evidence we may safely assign to the year 1464; and "the Otto Prints," which have been considered by competent critics to belong to about the same period, but which the Vicomte Delaborde, in his anxiety to attribute their design to Botticelli, has placed nearly twenty years later, suggesting the year 1480 as the date of their execution. If we accept M. Delaborde's opinion, we are led to a conclusion even more singular and unsatisfactory. We must either believe that these widely differing series were the only prints created, and that between the times of their execution an art, soon to exercise an influence only less powerful than that of type-printing itself, was practically forgotten; or that each series was preceded, accompanied, and followed in natural sequence, as it were, of relationship, by numerous other and similar prints, which have, however, so entirely disappeared that not even the smallest fragment has been preserved to us.

ELEPHANTS.*

MR. HOLDER is an American, and presumably does not know as much about the habits and natural history of kings as he does about elephants. The title of his very pleasant compilation is almost meaningless. The ivory which the elephant yields is gradually causing the extinction of the race in Africa, and there may be kings still left on earth after the last pair of tusks has been taken. The Indian elephant, to which a considerable part of the book is devoted, yields little or no ivory. Nevertheless, in spite of a silly title, and in spite of the fact that almost the whole of the volume is made up of the writings of other people, there are many readers to whom such a gathering of half-forgotten facts will be very welcome; and though, if we want more exact and scientific information, we must turn to the pages of Sir Emerson Tennent and Mr. George Sanderson, yet a convenient, well-illustrated, and unquestionably entertaining book on such a theme can never be out of place. It must be confessed that some part of our enjoyment of Mr. Holder's book has been derived from an examination of certain forms of the American language, which, though they may have been used, for aught we know to the contrary, by the Elizabethan dramatists, are yet unfamiliar to us of the England of to-day. The use of "quite," for instance, in such sentences as these, "No animal excites quite so much interest," or "It was evidently quite the custom among monarchs to send elephants to one another," is hardly to be approved, and there are worse examples than these. Mr. Holder's pronouns are very curious. He can never make up his mind as to the gender of an elephant. Sometimes "he" is used, sometimes "it," sometimes the two occur side by side in the same sentence. The famous elephant which the Duke of Devonshire kept at Chiswick, and which was mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in his diary in 1828, is sometimes called "she" by Mr. Holder and sometimes

* *The Ivory King*. By Charles F. Holder. London: Sampson Low & Co.

"it." "She would turn her trunk around." "It displayed great affection for its keeper; and it is needless to say that it was returned." The number of "its" here is very confusing; but we gather that the elephant's affection is referred to in the last of them. Mr. Holder often calls the elephant "the proboscidian," so as to vary his terms, and sometimes "the animal," but it is not easy to tell what animal is intended by the word as it is used on p. 208, where we read that "in mounting an elephant, the animal either kneels or a ladder is used to climb upon its back; while natives descend by means of a rope." Which animal kneels? According to Mr. Holder it is the animal which is mounting the elephant, but this must be a mistake; and why are natives descending by means of a rope during the process? Is it to divert the elephant's attention or the animal's? Similar sentences occur in other places. "In capturing wild elephants, numbers of tuskers which have escaped often follow the herd." "Once, when visiting the herd of elephants owned by Mr. Barnum, the trainer called my attention," &c. In fact, were it not that the greater part of the book, as we have said, is compiled from the writings of other authors, it would be hardly possible to read it. "Equally as interesting as the huge mastodon was the pygmy elephant." "I believe that Mr. Barnum now claims as much credit in educating the American public," &c. "This hunt not only shows the endurance required, but the remarkable faculty of the elephant in travelling great distances when so desperately wounded, and the necessity of the heaviest ammunition to prevent prolonged suffering in the noble animals." We gather from the title-page that Mr. Holder is, as he would say himself, "quite an author," and has for some time "claimed credit in educating the American public." He also belongs to a learned Society; but we doubt if he can tell us why a singular elephant should become "noble animals" in the plural when wounded. His chapter on "Proboscidian Fictions," as it is near the end of the book, might, without much disturbance of the text in a new edition, enlighten us on this and the other points we have mentioned. Mr. Holder tells us that female trained elephants are employed in capturing wild ones, and are very successful with large tuskers, "as the latter are often away from the herd and do not become entrapped." He goes on to say that "in some works these elephants are called decoys; but this is an entirely mistaken idea." But a little further on, through careless habits of compilation, Mr. Holder "becomes entrapped" himself, and tells us of a "decoy female" attached to the elephant establishment at Molura. "In some works" should therefore read, "in some works, the present work included." Mr. Holder uses another pleasing American phrase to signify almost anything. This is the word "location." Thus a vicious elephant killed his keeper at Keene, N.H. The riflemen at Keene, N.H., loaded him with chains, and marched him out into the woods, where the trainer "marked the location of the heart upon the dark hide of the unsuspecting giant; and at the word the great animal fell." Of Stonepoor, on the Ganges, where a fair is annually held, we read that "this location is particularly favourable for the purpose." Mr. Holder has a great capacity for misspelling and mistaking names. We read on the same page of "Edwin Arnold, Esq.," and of Edward Arnold. "An interim injunction was sworn out before Justice Chilly" respecting the removal of Jumbo. But, as a final example of Mr. Holder's style and accuracy, we may select a single paragraph relating to fatal accidents with elephants, as it contains an error or two in each of its three lines:—

Tom, the pet elephant of the Duke of Edinburgh, who was brought from India in 1870 in H.R.H.'s yacht *Galatea*, killed its keeper in very much the same way.

The elephant is, undoubtedly, an animal about which a great deal may be written and said. He excites equal interest in the minds of children and of zoologists. Although in times gone by a trunk and pair or two of tusks may have been very common features of terrestrial fauna, the two very similar elephants of Asia and Africa are the only modern representatives of the race. In what is now England and Essex alone the remains of at least three distinct kinds have been found. The simple difference in the size of the ears between the African and the Indian elephant is enough to distinguish the two extant species; and subdivisions, or, as we may perhaps correctly say, breeds, are also recognized—as, for example, the Ceylon, the Mysore, the Burmese, and other types. In Bengal the natives divide the breeds into three castes or classes—the *Koomeriahs*, the *Dwasalas*, and the *Meerga*. Animals of the first class are the best tempered and the largest, being above nine feet high. There are curious errors abroad as to the height to which elephants may attain, and indeed as to their dimensions in general. It used to be asserted that they grew to twenty feet; yet an elephant twelve feet in height is of the greatest rarity. Jumbo, of the African species, was over eleven feet, and was still growing when he was killed; but few Indian elephants are known to reach ten feet, and the largest in the Madras commissariat stud is only nine feet ten inches. As a rule, the circumference of an elephant's foot doubled will be found to equal his height at the shoulder. A dead elephant seems to be as rare as a dead donkey. In twenty years of observation Mr. Sanderson never knew of the death of an elephant from purely natural causes. The age of some of these animals must be prodigious, and records show that some now alive and well were in existence before the beginning of the century, probably long before. Here there may be an understatement, but there is much exaggeration as to the size of tusks. The largest tusk ever observed on an Asiatic elephant was one of those

secured by Sir Victor Brooke in 1863. It is 8 feet long, and Mr. Holder gives its greatest circumference as 14 feet 9 inches—an obvious misprint, as the average girth of the largest tusks does not generally exceed a foot. Sir Victor Brooke's elephant was shot after a very long chase, and was found to have lost a great part of its left tusk. The largest, no doubt, come from Africa, and there is a very questionable story told of a pair of tusks two and a half feet in circumference, which belonged to a negro king. We also read of an elephant which was shot in 1856, and which had nine tusks, five growing on the right side and four on the left. There seems to be a regular trade in mammoth ivory, but, as Mr. Holder remarks, "the life of the ivory-hunter of the North is equally as dangerous as that of the South." The accounts of white elephants are very contradictory. The ugly beast, Toung Taloung, which was exhibited in London a few years ago on its way to the United States, is accepted by Mr. Holder as a typical sacred white elephant. He says "the term white is deceptive," and the flags and arms of Siam and Burmah have conveyed the impression that those kingdoms "possessed pure white proboscidiens," which is a gross error. "In fact, the white elephant is not white at all, the term being applied to any elephant who shows the slightest evidence of albinism." It is hard to reconcile this statement with the numerous references in ancient and modern books to elephants really white; and Mr. Holder himself quotes Ælian as to a white elephant whose mother was black. Dean Swift somewhere remarks "on the wonderful works of Nature, that a black hen should lay a white egg," but it would be still more wonderful if the persistent stories and reports of centuries are all wrong, and an animal with a mottled face and mealy ears is really the sacred white elephant revered by millions in the far East. We have not yet heard what was the colour of the sacred elephant of Theebaw, which died just after the British occupation of Mandalay; but Mr. Holder, without giving particulars, asserts that it was not so white as Toung Taloung. It seems much more likely that the American showman and Mr. Holder should have been deceived by the cunning Siamese than that it should have been reserved for the wise men of our own day to discover that "a pure white elephant probably never existed."

POVERTY AND THE STATE.*

IT is impossible to read *Poverty and the State* without a kindly feeling towards its author. He sympathizes so deeply with the distress of the poor, and so completely believes in the remedy which he proposes, that criticism is to some extent disarmed. Moreover, Mr. Mills's suggestions have much that is attractive in them. He wishes to sweep away the present Poor Law, with its outdoor and indoor relief. All charities and almsgiving are to be rendered superfluous, if not actually abolished. Workhouses, with their abuses and waste of money, are to be superseded, and instead of those many and ineffectual ways of relieving distress, "Co-operative Estates" are to be established throughout the country. On these estates are to be fed and clothed by their own labour all the unemployed in England. Each estate is to be "self-supporting"—everything, as nearly as may be, which is necessary for the inhabitants thereof, being grown on the spot. But the wants of those who live there are to strictly limit the productions of the estate. Nothing is to be sold, lest the hateful principle of competition should be introduced; though barter with other co-operative estates may be permitted. And Mr. Mills hopes that shortly not only will the unemployed fly to these havens of bliss into which competition may never enter, but even the wealthy and the noble, convinced of the error of their way, will abandon money-grubbing and avarice, and seek to work for others than themselves.

Such, in outline, is Mr. Mills's scheme; but it must not be supposed that, as stated by him, it is in this unfinished condition. On the contrary, so minutely is it worked out, that the book reminds one of those novels by M. Jules Verne in which all the details of the most wildly impossible fiction are given with scientific exactitude. Not that we think the proposals in *Poverty and the State* so impossible as M. Jules Verne's stories, though we confess to being a little sceptical as to their practicability. The grounds of this scepticism are miserably commonplace. To begin with, it seems unlikely that, apart from its merits, so vast an experiment would be sanctioned by the House of Commons, even if a Minister were found bold enough to propose it. Still, in these days of fads and crotchets, it might be tried, if success seemed certain or probable. But that probability does not exist, as an examination of a few of the details of Mr. Mills's scheme will prove. In the first place, he asserts that half an acre of ordinary English land can be made to produce enough to feed and clothe one person, and consequently that two thousand acres—the suggested size of the co-operative estate—will support four thousand persons. If this were true, the difficulties of the land question would be at an end. Land, instead of being the least profitable investment, would be the most profitable. Instead of the price of land falling lower and lower, it would be rising by "leaps and bounds." Farmers would be wealthy, instead of poor; and landlords would no longer be bankrupts, but millionaires. For the land to accomplish these prodigies of fertility, all that is necessary, according to Mr. Mills, is that it should be

* *Poverty and the State; or, Work for the Unemployed.* By Herbert V. Mills.

titled with labour equal to that given to the cultivation of allotments. And he brings an instance to prove that the crops on allotments are sometimes much larger than those on other land. No doubt this is so, and it is just possible that half an acre of the very best land in England so cultivated might produce enough for Mr. Mills's purpose; but, firstly, this would not be the case if it were ordinary land, and, secondly, the co-operative estates would not be better cultivated than the land of the average farmer. It is the farmer's interest that his land should produce as much as possible; it would be nobody's interest that the co-operative estate should produce anything. The farmer has the power to choose good labourers and dismiss bad ones; the manager of the co-operative estate would have to take in any one that applied to him. Lastly, labourers on farms work from sunrise to sunset; on the co-operative estate no one is to labour for more than six hours.

We have insisted on these points at some length because it is an essential contention of *Poverty and the State* that the scheme there proposed would pay its expenses. But if enormous tracts of land had to be purchased to start the system, this contention can no longer be sustained, and the last chance of the conversion of the House of Commons to Mr. Mills's doctrines is destroyed. If our reasoning is correct, we may conclude that the proposals are not feasible. It remains to consider briefly whether the moral advantages of co-operation are really as considerable as they are represented to be. To praise co-operation is to condemn competition, and Mr. Mills recognizes and rejoices in the truth of this proposition. No words are bad enough in his opinion to describe the effects of competition. It is unchristian, it promotes envy and hatred, and it stirs up strife and emulation—these are the mildest terms that he would use; all of which, even if it were true, would not alter the fact that competition is as much a part of human nature as the senses or the appetites. But we deny its truth. Are we to be told that all games and all prize examinations are destructive of Christianity? Surely not; and yet they depend upon the principle of competition. Doubtless competition may become, under certain circumstances, a great evil; but in moderation we believe it to be highly beneficial. Without it men would be content to live from hand to mouth, caring only to avoid death; without it many of the greatest deeds in history would never have been done. The truth is, that both competition and co-operation may produce evil results. As long as men only aim at doing better than others there is no harm in their rivalry. But if competition impels them to wish badly to their neighbours, then, no doubt, it deserves Mr. Mills's epithets. So, too, with co-operation; it is good so far as it consists in helping others, and bad if it means relying on others for help. Both systems may be carried to extremes; and it is at least arguable that excessive rivalry is not so hurtful to the State as want of self-reliance. To think evil of your neighbours is wicked; to fail to do your duty is, perhaps, worse.

THE HEALING ART.*

THERE is no greater want in English medical literature than that of a good History of Medicine, but this want is not supplied—nor, indeed, is it intended to be supplied—by the book before us. The author declares that his object is to present a popular and condensed view of the progress of medicine, with brief biographical sketches of the men who contributed to it, and he hopes that his book will be found of interest to the profession as well as to the public. This attempt, like so many attempts of a similar kind, to meet the wants, tastes, and knowledge of two very different classes of readers will, we fear, disappoint both, as the book is too technical for popular reading, and possesses no new features or points of special interest for medical men. It is, moreover, anonymous, and a work of this kind, embracing the period from "Hippocrates to W. Jenner and Spencer Wells," is not likely to attract the serious attention of medical men, although, as it is pleasantly written and abounds with anecdotes of Court physicians, quacks, mesmerists, *et hoc genus omne*, it will serve to while away a few idle hours.

It is not very obvious what good ends will be served by attempting to popularize the history of the healing art on the plan adopted in this work. To give a rapid sketch of Greek and Roman philosophical speculations on diseases and their remedies, made in utter ignorance of anatomy and physiology, without showing how they differ from our present knowledge; to record the vagaries and quackeries of the physicians (or physcists, as we call them nowadays) of the middle ages, without explaining the bondage to superstition under which the human mind laboured; to hold up to view a few successful English Court and fashionable physicians of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries as samples of the best and truest promoters of the art of healing, is only to bewilder and mislead the public intelligence, and encourage it to continue to look on medicine as an impenetrable mystery, and consequently a fair field for all sorts of impostures and quackeries. The history of physic is the history of physics from the earliest time down almost to the present day. Men in all times have been as anxious as they are now to turn their scientific discoveries to the use of mankind and the benefit of their

own pockets, and hence the astronomers of ancient times became astrologers, the botanists, anatomists, and chemists of the middle ages became physicians, and the grocers after strange mental and nervous manifestations—of which mesmerism is the type—became psychologists and mad-doctors. It is a history of the beginnings and progress of the natural sciences on which the healing art rests, and the biographies of the men who have been connected with them, whether English or foreign, that we want in a popular history of medicine, and not a mere string of the lives of successful or notorious practitioners around whose names literature and superstition have cast a glamour or who have gained renown in other fields than those of medicine. It is remarkable how many of the men of past times who are classed as physicians in this and works of a similar kind are credited with other forms of learning and culture, which, by the way, must seem a little surprising to those persons who admire the specialist physicians of the present day, and know the disabilities which extra-professional culture often entails on those who venture to pursue it; but many of these have no right to the title of physician except such as is derived from the possession of a University degree or a partial medical education. Many of the so-called physicians of mediæval times were scholars who merely translated and commented on ancient writers, while others were mathematicians, astronomers, and chemists; and in modern times it is only by a stretch of the imagination that such men as Locke, Goldsmith, and Crabbe can be included in the ranks of the profession, as they hardly ever practised and certainly contributed nothing to the advancement of medicine.

The parts of the work under notice which will be most attractive to popular readers are the chapters on the great epidemics of the sixteenth century, and on the "herbs and simples" employed in domestic medicines. The compiler, who is evidently a believer in and most probably a practitioner of the orthodox form of medicine, is not unmindful of the passing craze for the investigation of occult phenomena, as he has thrown his best energies into the chapter on animal magnetism, mesmerism, and faith-healing; while his two final chapters on "eminent" contemporary practitioners—temperately written, but from the nature of things much too limited in their scope—are a further proof of his desire and ability to cater for the passing wants of the reading public, and it is probably to the necessity of introducing this kind of material into his work that we owe the omission of his name from its title-page. It is not creditable to a learned profession like that of medicine that its history and traditions should be made the hunting-ground of amateur "researchers" into obscure natural phenomena, and we hope that some competent person with the necessary time at his disposal will do for the history of medicine what Green did for the history of the English people, by tracing the development of the sciences of botany, chemistry, anatomy, physiology, and psychology, and their application to the detection and treatment of diseases, and throwing overboard all those persons who have not contributed to them, but who occupy so large a space in all our present histories of the healing art. The progress of medicine and surgery—especially the latter—has been so great in recent years that they have few traditional connexions with the beliefs, practices, and experiences of the physicians and surgeons earlier than the seventeenth century, and their history for scientific purposes begins with Harvey, Sydenham, Hunter, and Edward Jenner.

ORNAMENTAL INTERIORS.*

THE author of this book has attempted too many things. It is a hard task to combine in a little more than two hundred pages, copiously illustrated, a history, geographical, geological, and astronomical, of periodic deluges recurring at intervals of 10,500 years; an account of Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Gothic, Renaissance, and modern decorative art; and last, but not least, a series of advertisements of the author's own skill as a decorative artist. Wholesale abuse of Mr. Ruskin, of architects in general, and fulsome praise of Mr. Ferguson, are thrown in at intervals to enliven the duller parts.

Students of architectural styles will be pained and grieved to hear that their labour has been lost, and will continue to be lost, unless they can form an intelligent theory of deluges. The question whether this theory is in accordance with natural laws as at present ascertained is of no importance. The intelligence required soars high above the grovelling studies of Newton, the conclusions of Kepler, or the investigations of La Place. Unless we are prepared to believe that a periodic deluge occurs every 10,500 years, our speculations as to the growth and development of Indian, Assyrian, Egyptian, or any other styles, are so much vapour, according to Mr. J. Moyr Smith. These periodic deluges depend upon the precession of the equinoxes, although it is an unfortunate fact that their periods do not coincide:—

When the northern hemisphere is so turned to the sun that it receives for a series of ages more heat and light during each year than is obtained by the southern hemisphere, the ice at the north pole melts and floats away as sea towards the south, while, owing to the paucity of heat, the ice at the southern pole gradually grows larger and larger, and the water deeper and deeper.

This state of things goes on very happily for a large number of years, when

the turning point is reached; the seas in the north have greatly diminished

* *The Healing Art; or, Chapters upon Medicine, Diseases, Remedies, and Physicians, Historical, Biographical, and Descriptive.* 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

* *Ornamental Interiors, Ancient and Modern.* By J. Moyr Smith.

and those in the south have greatly increased. But still a greater change approaches. The great bulk of ice still unmelted at the north pole at last breaks up, and floats away as icebergs, attracted by the greater mass in the south; immediately the centre of gravity is changed, not by imperceptible degrees, as heretofore, but suddenly and rapidly; the great mass of the northern seas and ice sweeps across the equator to the south, and submerges on its route islands and continents.

It is a great pity that this magnificent phenomenon is not going to occur for some thousands of years. Although some industries might be temporarily interfered with, yet what a blessing would be conferred on mankind by a more even distribution of the value of land. Mountain tops would fetch as high rents as city sites, and the Irish land question would be solved.

With a system based on such an "intelligent theory of deluges," it is only natural to suppose that Mr. J. Moyr Smith does not deal very lucidly with the subject on which his investigations are supposed to throw direct illumination. The whole book is written from the commercial point of view. The historical portions are, when accurate, mere bits of information extracted from well-known text-books or dictionaries. Such words as "Renaissance" and "Jacobean" are used, as is usual in this kind of work, in the loosest way. Of general decorative knowledge the author seems to possess but little, a fact which is brought into stronger light by the sweeping criticisms indulged in of other men's work. Robert Adam, for instance, who, whatever his faults may have been, must rank as an architect not far behind Inigo Jones and Wren, is dismissed as being attenuated and effeminate, although Mr. J. Moyr Smith is good enough to say of him and his brother that they "evinced in many of their works a nice feeling for proportion and an appreciation of elegance in the disposition of their decorative lines." Poor Mr. Ruskin suffers, too, under the lash:—"With regard to Mr. Ruskin's more pretentious works, as the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* or the *Stones of Venice*, it is not necessary to read his books to detect his weakness; this is abundantly evident from the specimens he has chosen for illustrations, and we suppose, for extravagant, if eloquent, laudation" (the italics are our own). An author who can write in this strain must not be taken as a serious critic.

But it sometimes happens that bad critics are good artists. We wish we could say so in the present instance. Indeed, it would be difficult to say much in praise of the selections from his own work which Mr. Smith has presented to the public in the illustrations to this book. If he had spent the time he has devoted to the abuse of architects in learning something more of architecture, he might have succeeded better; at any rate he would have avoided certain obvious faults. As it is he seems to rest satisfied with effects produced by jumbling together incongruous forms, so that his work possesses neither unity, delicacy, nor repose.

SNOB'S.*

THOUGHTFUL persons are rather fond of exhibiting their literary powers in the dissection of snobs. The last author who has fallen a victim to this weakness is Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry, and it has pleased him or his publishers to bind his opusculum in red and black, with the title outside, so as to make it look like "*The Life of a Friar*. By One." Also the print is large, the edges are rough, and the style has a fine affectation of superiority. Towards the end of the book are many pages of quotation from Miss Austen's novels, introduced for the purpose of showing that when she wrote there had just got to be snobs for the first time in the world's history, but that the name had not yet been invented. In themselves and by themselves these extracts are not amusing.

The truth about snobs is that they have not a sufficiently distinct existence to be worth writing about. Imagine a little book called "*The Evolution of the Fool*," or "*The Book of the Jackass*," proceeding on the theory that the world could be conveniently divided into people who are fools or jackasses and people who are not. Mr. Thackeray made snobs the peg on which to hang a set of brilliant satirical social essays; but they were perfectly unscientific. Every one knows that he purported to define a snob as one who meanly admires mean things; but this is not really a definition, because the words "mean" and "meanly," used in this connexion, want defining just as much as "snob." What the word "snob" really is is a vague term of abuse; and a serious attempt to explain who are snobs and who are not, and when there began to be snobs, and why, and how they managed it, is an essentially futile endeavour.

Still, Mr. Perry has a theory, and those who have the patience to read his book through will find it to be not less fanciful, crude, and illusory than many scientific theories of more distinguished men than Mr. Perry. It is that before 1815 there were no snobs, but that then there began to be snobs. The reason was that aristocratic institutions and persons were thought less and less of from some indefinite epoch down to the time when the Liberalism of the eighteenth century culminated in the French Revolution. After that a reaction took place in the minds of well-disposed persons. A glamour of the past surrounded what had come near to being universally despised. Romance was identified with admiration of old buildings and old families. This feeling was considerably overdone, and the people who overdid it became

snobs. Then they left off exaggerating the merits of aristocracy and of romantic associations, but they did not leave off being snobs. They simply transferred their misplaced admiration from bloated aristocrats to gorged millionaires. The process is still going on, and there are now many snobs who have an excessive admiration for wealth and the rich.

This valuable speculation is supported and illustrated by copious reference to English literature. It is all—to speak plainly—horrible nonsense. The supposed extinction and revival of reverence for royalty and aristocracy never had any existence except in Mr. Perry's fertile imagination. The principal interest of it is that it proves for about the millionth time that it is possible to acquire a great deal of information without being any the wiser for it. It also proves—which is sad—that an erudite American may write sufficiently good English, and even affect a style of the sort of pretentiousness which apes simplicity, without having anything particular to say. If Mr. Perry had devoted his cultivation and his industry to writing a novel, he might have amused somebody. If he had devoted them to making a spade, he might have dug something. But having applied them to nothing more useful than tracing what he is pleased to call the "evolution" of snobs, he has written a worthless little book.

AN EPITOME OF ANGLICAN CHURCH HISTORY.*

THIS is a little book of which we should like to be able to say nothing but what is good. While written in a spirit of fairness and moderation, it is evidently the work of a loyal member of the Church of England. There is much in it with which we heartily agree, and which we hope may be of good service in dispelling mischievous errors. For example, the antiquity and continuous life of the Church, her right to her endowments, and her claim on the gratitude of the nation, are strongly insisted on. Among other matters worthy of special praise, the false and exaggerated statements, too often accepted and echoed even by Churchmen, as to the character and operation of the Act of Uniformity are duly exposed. We are reminded that many of the ejected ministers were either intruders who had entered on the benefices of unjustly dispossessed incumbents, or were men not lawfully ordained; and it is well remarked that "it would have been against the principles and order of our Church to have ministers within her who were hostile to her rules and ordinances." Unfortunately, however, while there are many things to praise in Miss Webley-Parry's work, we are compelled to say that it contains a great deal that is foolish and inaccurate. As it does not profess to be more than an epitome of a compilation, it will be enough to give two or three quotations from it as a justification of the judgment we must pass upon it. "Our reformed Church"—that is, apparently, the Church under Henry VIII.—is described as "the Church of St. David and Dubricius." Alfred, besides dividing "the country into counties," and founding the University of Oxford, "built and endowed three Colleges," and procured a professorship for John Erigena. The first Papal legates that came to England arrived, we are told, in the reign of William the Conqueror; and in that reign, too, tithes were, it is said, first appropriated. Of "Thomas à Becket" we read that "he was of Anglo-Saxon origin," and that he "especially adopted the cause of Anglo-Saxons of every rank." Now these things, and indeed others we might name, were not as Miss Webley-Parry believes, but quite the reverse.

VERSES ABOUT BOOKS.†

THERE was once a schoolmaster who saw one of his pupils maltreating a book. He rebuked him, without entering into the question of what were the individual merits of the particular book, and added, it may be a little sententiously, "Books are my friends!" The sentiment made an abiding impression upon some of the worthy gentleman's hearers. All of these are now—if they are alive—old enough to know that an affection for books as such is not uncommon. Mr. Brander Matthews shows conclusively that it has animated the breasts of over fifty men of letters, mostly living, from whose works or workshops he has collated a number of ballads, ballades, and other metrical testimonies to its vitality. The authors include Burns, Southey, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Bulwer Lytton among the illustrious dead, and Messrs. Locker, Austin Dobson, Lang, and others among "our noble selves." A pathetic sonnet by Longfellow written in 1881 has all the grace of that eminent man's diction. A fable by Mr. Thomas Yriarte is less simple and fluent than a humorous essay in *vers de société* ought to be; but, taking the whole volume as a collection of verse embodying the enthusiasm of those who are both authors and "bibliophiles," it is both pretty and well chosen. Crabbe's *Library* is printed at the end in an appendix. It is possible that the leisurely thoughtfulness and correct style of Crabbe attract fewer readers at the present day than the comparatively sparkling stanzas of later writers. The authors are arranged in alphabetical order.

* *An Epitome of Anglican Church History*. Compiled from various sources by Ellen Webley-Parry. Abridged edition. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

† *Ballads of Books*. Chosen by Brander Matthews. New York: George J. Coombes. 1887.

* *The Evolution of the Snob*. By Thomas Sergeant Perry. London: Trübner & Co.

Some people may be disposed to question whether an indiscriminating attachment to books is a passion which ought to be indulged without qualification. In some novel published not very long ago there was an ingenious passage which has some bearing on the question. He said to her—for the purpose of making talk—"Are you fond of flowers?" She replied by the question, "Are you fond of people?" He said he was fond of some people and not of others. "And I," she answered, "am fond of some flowers and not of others," and went on to illustrate her likings and dislikings, which of course gave a good opening for flirtation. Is there not something to be said for being fond of some books and not of others? It would have done Mr. Matthews's anthology no harm if he had got leave to include that most admirable work "Garden Fancies. II. Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis." There is no disrespect either to books or to makers of books in the swinging lines:—

Plague take all your pedants, say I.
He who wrote what I hold in my hand,
Centuries back was so good as to die,
Leaving this rubbish to cumber the land.

Every one knows, or ought to know, how the poet "proceeded to his revenge," and then so far forgot himself as not only to drink Chablis with his cheese, but to make it rhyme with Rabelais. The jovial pardon, with leave to "Dry-rot at ease till the judgment-day," would have made a brilliant contrast to the uniform strains of adulation of all sorts and conditions of books which proceed from Mr. Matthews's poets and versifiers. We must highly commend *Ballads of Books* for its merits inside and out; but, just by way of a reminder that another view of the subject is possible, and because of the worth of the poem itself, it would have been an additional attraction if the collection had included "Sibrandus."

SOME TEXT-BOOKS.

IN Professor Kennedy's *Mechanics of Machinery* (Macmillan & Co.) we have an admirable digest of the author's lectures in University College. The systematized work of years is here compressed into a compact book of 650 pages, amply illustrated with carefully-drawn diagrams. Among the subjects fully and clearly discussed are "Plane Motion" and its constraint, "Virtual Motion" and "Relative Velocities" in mechanisms, "Dynamics of Mechanism," "Static Equilibrium," with concluding chapters on "Non-plane Motion" and Friction. The author's aims are evidently of a thoroughly practical character, avoiding the more abstract portions of general mechanics, and developing mainly the theory of motion which is constrained or conditioned. We are glad that Professor Kennedy uses the pound as unit of weight or force in preference to any "absolute unit"; but, on the other hand, doubt the propriety of still retaining the term *centrifugal force*, which such authorities as the late Astronomer-Royal have taken exception to.

The *Differential Calculus, with Applications: an Elementary Treatise*, by J. Edwards, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.), seems well adapted for students aiming at the "Higher Mathematics" standard of the India or Home Civil Service, or similar examinations. The work is in one sense noteworthy rather by its omissions than by any new features in the modes of proof and illustration; and several recent treatises on the Calculus contained much matter which was undoubtedly extraneous to the proper aim of an elementary work. We have noticed some of Mr. Edwards's proofs to be neat and concise; but the copious sets of well-arranged examples, with answers given, are what the earnest differentiator will most appreciate.

Professor Everett's *Units and Physical Constants* (Macmillan & Co.) had already in a first edition attracted attention as a convenient book of reference for students of physics. The present edition contains some additions and improvements—e.g. the accounts of thermoelectricity and adiabatic compression.

A *Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry, with Applications to Spherical Geometry*, Part II. (Macmillan & Co.), by Messrs. McClelland and Preston, appears to be mainly composed of geometrical applications of the theorems and conclusions which were established in the preceding volume. The arrangement and many of the demonstrations seem entirely original, but are obviously the result of real study; and, as the subject of spherical geometry has been comparatively neglected in the schools, this work ought to fill an important gap in our mathematical libraries, especially as there are many sets of selected examples, with hints for solution.

The Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching have now issued their *Syllabus of Elementary Geometrical Conics* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.). In a minimum of space we have a clear and comprehensive summary of the leading properties of the plane curves referred to, besides some concluding propositions relating to the cylinder and cone. We note that "Adams's property" is specially pointed out in each of the three cases.

Euclid Revised, Books I. and II., edited by R. C. J. Nixon, M.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press), represents yet another attempt to improve upon that well-worn stepping-stone to plane geometry. Sometimes, however, your reviser should himself be revised, as when our author asserts universally (see his first axiom, p. 3) what is only true in a very restricted sense. The propositions seem

admirably arranged for teaching purposes, with bold and well-cut diagrams, and clear demonstrations very tersely put.

Dr. W. T. Knight's *Mathematical Wrinkles* (Blackie & Son) consists mainly of six sets of the papers set at the Matriculation examinations of the London University, with solutions, and an appendix containing some additional information. The *Helps to Higher Arithmetic*, by Messrs. Allfree and Scudamore (Brighton: Treacher), is a fresh contribution to the large list of works constructed for class-teaching. It concludes with twelve hundred miscellaneous examples, with the answers given.

A *Treatise on Chemistry*, by Sir H. E. Roscoe, F.R.S., and C. Schorlemmer, F.R.S., Vol. III. (Macmillan & Co.), is a further contribution to the investigation of hydrocarbons and their derivatives. The special branch of organic chemistry discussed in this volume is that dealing with aromatic compounds. Their formation and principal properties are detailed, together with an "historical discussion of their isomeric modifications." Then, after benzene and the characteristic reactions of some of its products are explained, we find an able review of the leading benzene derivatives. There is an index of fourteen pages.

PALEOLITHIC MAN IN MIDDLESEX.*

WHERE now the peaceful ratepayer dwells in his eligible villa, and the hardy voter exercises the franchise for North-west Middlesex, Mr. Allen Brown has discovered traces of the ingenious savage. From the top of Castlebar Hill, Ealing, looking over Alperton and Harrow Weald, Mr. Allen Brown contemplates the winter of the discontent of our predecessors, if not our ancestors. He sees a waste of frozen waters and of snow, which the reindeer tosses up with his shovel-shaped horn, in search of herbage. The woods, unenclosed and unpreserved, are tenanted by the mammoth and his faithful partner, the regretted woolly rhinoceros. As night comes on, bears, wolves, and wolverines come out, and snarl round the camp-fires of the human dwellers in a land not yet called Ealing.

Nor was humanity inactive. Where Criffield Road and Beaconsfield Place now display the substantial and original suburban architecture of the Victorian age there then existed a small island, surrounded by shallow water. Here the men of the period—the girls, too—sat chipping their eternal flints, as represented in Mr. Allen Brown's frontispiece. Man, slightly attired in a leather belt with a flint spud in it, is holding an egg-shaped piece of stone on a boulder, while woman, in nothing at all, hammers it with a piece of sharp wood or bone and a round pebble. The river rises, thanks to rain on the upper reaches; Paleolithic man and woman run away, leaving their tools, and never come back for them. The sons pass; people with bronze defeat the people with stones; people with iron defeat the people with bronze; people with bows defeat people with axes; people with powder defeat people with bows; people with breechloaders defeat people with muzzleloaders—such are the cheerful records of humanity. Finally, the suburban builder lays his foundations in Criffield Road, and then and there he finds the spear-heads, the axe-heads, the chips and flakes that early man left when the flood came. Several sets of fauna and flora, several sets of gods and goddesses, of races and languages, have had their day and departed into death, but there the axe and spear heads lie, and invite the attention of moralists and archaeologists in Ealing. The soil, then on the level of the water, is now 150 feet above it, and man has had time to seek out many inventions.

The inventions of Paleolithic man were ingenious. Probably we cannot any longer chip flints as well as he chipped them, nor use them so cleverly when they have been chipped. The question is—Did these early people of Ealing acquire or evolve the arts of Neolithic man when he came with his polished weapons and of bronze-using man, or did they disappear before invaders as the unlucky Australian black does before us? If he was as conservative as the Australian black, Paleolithic man probably died out, and we, his successors, can hardly have a drop of his blood in our veins. For example, he fastened his wedge-shaped heavy flints into branches of trees with withes and other lashings. The Australian black used the same device, and even when he got an English axe-head he hafted it in the same way, instead of forcing a haft through the hole for that purpose provided. If the Ealing people were as conservative as this, they probably died out before the first invaders of a more advanced type, and it may be that only a few of their women continued by intermarriage with the new hordes the old line of the first-known settlers. Mr. Allen Brown, investigating by the aid of relics the civilization of Paleolithic man at Ealing, thinks that he was in one respect better equipped than the Australians. He had the bow and arrow. Some examples of objects believed to be Paleolithic arrow-heads are figured in Plate I. (167, 169). They are small triangular worked flints, "and have each the usual bulb; in some of the specimens they are thinned out at the base by secondary chipping; in others, like No. 167, there is the reverse or concave of the bulb on one face and the convex one on the other, and they are also flanged off at the base." Mr. Allen Brown supposes that they were hafted or fixed on the shaft of the arrow (or small fish-harpoon, if that is what they were used for) by an expedient

* *Paleolithic Man in Middlesex*. By J. Allen Brown, F.R.G.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

familiar to the Eskimo. In that case they would be inserted tightly into a socket in a piece of straight bone, probably that of a bird, into the hollow of which a light wooden shaft is introduced. If our predecessors were superior to Australian man in the possession of the bow, they apparently resembled him in the total absence of pottery. People who think, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, that the Australians were once more civilized than the first European voyagers found them, must account in some way for the entire absence of remains of pottery on the whole vast island. No pottery has been discovered in English bone caves; but a French explorer has found a piece, with skeletons of the cave bear, in a cave where, fifty years ago, M. Joly lit on a fragment of a large vessel in contact with the skull of a fossil bear. No other Neolithic objects were found, nor any trace of disturbance, so even Palæolithic man on the Continent may have surpassed the black Murri in the art of pottery, as well as in his remarkable skill in design. Mr. Allen Brown's book is written in a very systematic manner, is well supplied with documents, and enables even an unscientific reader to understand what the populace of Ealing was like in an unknown antiquity. Though not very well equipped with luxuries and utensils, man was even then perfectly human, and, if Mr. Brown's draughtsman may be trusted, woman was by no means unwomanly.

ETCHINGS AND LITHOGRAPHS.

THE publications of the *Librairie de L'Art* (Paris: Rouam; London: Gilbert White) are always interesting and useful. In more than one of a batch of etchings and lithographs which has reached us from this quarter there are higher qualities than these. Of course, not all are good. Vulgarities are the same all the world over; and two reproductions in *héliogravure* of pictures by M. George Van den Bos—"Waiting" and "Baby Awakes" the names of them—would pass muster with the best of their kind in any print-shop devoted to the diffusion of "popular art" in any of the five continents. They breathe the true spirit of Domestic Anecdote; and they are really disconcerting to look upon. M. Piquet's etching, "*Parisienne*," is not much better. The type is lively and natural enough; the gesture is well rendered; the workmanship is facile and dexterous; the various textures of fur and velvet and lace are suggested with considerable cleverness; for five minutes or so the effect is pleasing enough. But it would be folly to hang the "*Parisienne*" on the walls of any but a blind man's house. Indeed to live with any work of this kind is impossible. Here, for instance, is a far better and sprightlier example—the "*La Prière*" of M. Jean Béraud, to wit. A true painter to begin with, M. Béraud is also a keen and brilliant student of actuality. His work is thoroughly modern. His subjects are taken from the everyday life of the Paris we know; and his treatment of them is distinguished by the presence of real pictorial qualities. The scene of "*La Prière*" is a corner in any Paris church; the heroine, a young lady of the nattiest type, has laid by her umbrella, taken out her book of hours, and is kneeling in devotion, with the most natural gesture conceivable, over a rush-bottomed chair. The thing is *prise sur le vif*; the character, the attitude, the illumination, the values are realized with remarkable spirit; and yet one tires of M. Béraud almost—not quite, it must be owned—as quickly as one tires of M. Piquet, though M. Béraud's work has the interest of what is in its way good art.

Deserving not only of mention, but of study, is a series of "*Huit Aquarelles de Mme. la Baronne de Rothschild*" (etched by such accomplished craftsmen as MM. Chauvel, Léon Gauchere, and Daniel Mordant), which are refined in sentiment and graceful in effect. An etching after the "*Service Divine*" of M. Edelfeldt is sure to be popular. The subject, as is usual with the painter, is one from life in Finland. It is Sunday morning, and the pastor and his little congregation are holding an open-air service on the seashore. There is plenty of good work in the way of individual portraiture and clever characterization; the composition is novel and striking; the landscape interest is treated with genuine feeling and intelligence. Still better as art, and with elements of still greater and more lasting popularity, is M. Salmon's admirable transcript into black and white of the broad and simple values, the naturalistic atmosphere and light, the sound humanity of M. Émile Adan's "*L'Anniversaire*." In pure landscape there is nothing so good as M. Lapastollet's etching, after M. L. Valmon's "*Port-Saint Nicholas*," with its finely aerial sky, its delicately gradated values, its general excellence and refinement of tone. But the "*Crépuscule*" of M. Noël Massod is remarkable too. It is an etching done straight from nature by an artist who, having lost half an arm and both hands by the bursting of a shell during the Siege of Paris, has had to replace them by mechanical substitutes. The wonder is that he can work at all; but that he should be able to render an aspect of nature with the breadth and consistency displayed in "*La Crépuscule*" is almost incredible.

Among the lithographs is one by M. Bahuët, after a not particularly good example of the art—coarse, vigorous, swaggeringly sincere—of M. Roll. Another, the "*Ishmael*" of M. Cazin, is as good a rendering of the peculiar qualities of that distinguished painter as could be achieved in black and white. One looks at it, and one wonders how and why it is that lithography has gone out, and etching reigns in its stead. Such men as Daumier, Raffet, Delacroix, and Charles Jacque not only practised the method, but did some of their best work in it; and it is known that Millet was deeply interested in it, and believed that

it was the best medium of translation in existence for the achievements, the ambitions, the innovations and effects of the school to which he belonged. That he was not without grounds for this opinion they know who have seen the admirable transcripts from Corot of M. Émile Vernier, or the excellent version of Courbet's "*Casseurs de Pierres*" by the same accomplished artist. And yet the medium has fallen into desuetude, and its functions are usurped by a process the essentials of which are perverted, and its very *raison d'être* is destroyed, by its application to the requirements of reproduction and its disuse as a means of original expression. That this is so in an age which values itself especially on its knowledge and understanding of art is, at first sight, inexplicable. But the cause is not far to seek. A good lithograph can be produced—and sold—at a very trifling cost; an etching, good or bad, cannot. On the first it is not easy to make large profits; and on the second it is. *Et voilà pourquoi votre fille est muette*. That is the reason why the world, from China to Peru, teems with etchings which are really not etchings, but engravings in disguise, while one might hunt London over and fail to find a good lithograph.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ARTHUR, ARTUR, or, as he is most often called, Artus de Richemont, Constable of France, the most formidable and successful of the French generals in the later years of the Hundred Years' War, and the commander whose arrival in time decided the last great battle of that war—the fight at Formigny, which practically turned the English out of France—has always been a tolerably well-known person in a certain way, because of the contemporary chronicle by his squire, Guillaume Gruel, which has been frequently printed. But M. Cosneau (1) is quite right in saying that much less has been recently written about him than about his (also Breton) predecessors in the Constabship, Guesclin and Clisson, and that he is, on the whole, the least known of the three. Indeed the whole later period of the Hundred Years' War, after the death of the Pucelle, if not after the siege of Orleans, is neither a very well-known subject nor perhaps a very attractive one. The perpetual mismanagement and useless spasmodic efforts on the English side make it not very cheerful study for an Englishman; and, successful as the result was for France, it was achieved with little glory, on the whole, for the French. Moreover, the character of Richemont himself contrasts remarkably with the almost legendary (quite legendary, if any one likes) knight-errantry of Du Guesclin. But his life was worth writing with modern learning and illustrations, and M. Cosneau has done it elaborately well in a stout volume, with close-packed pages, abundant notes, plentiful appendices, and, in short, all the apparatus that the most scrupulous devotees of the modern fashion of writing history can desire. The main narrative, though perhaps the least thing in the world over-burdened with minute facts, is well sustained and readable, and the book deserves to hold—for a time, at any rate—the place of chief monograph, not merely on Richemont himself (in this it is not likely ever to be disturbed), but on the wars in which he took part and the chapters of French history in which he was concerned.

The admirers of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey are never so well satisfied with him as when he gives them the full two volumes, packed with rather small print, which are the utmost that French-novel customs now allow, and which certainly contain a good deal. In *Cœur volant* (2), too, he has varied his usual proceedings a little. It is not a case of crime committed in the first chapter or two and to be detected afterwards; it is a case of crime planned in the first chapter or two, and in course of being carried out (the reader may find out for himself whether it is or not) during the two volumes. Gontran, Comte de Sartilly ("My dear Earl," as an English racing-man rather oddly addresses him), is a very nice person indeed. Having married the rich, beautiful, affectionate, and wholly charming daughter of a contractor, he sets himself to work to cheat and ill-treat her in every possible way, his agreeable proceedings culminating before the book has gone very far in forcing her by violence to copy and sign a document drawn up in his own hand by which she declares that she has committed suicide. This he intends as a cover to himself in case of murder, and as an instrument of terrorizing her meanwhile. This pleasing specimen of the French nobility (who will be studied with great zest by true Democrats) then proceeds to endeavour the full compassing of his wicked will, assisted by various instruments (including a regular Locusta, a personage who has not made her appearance in novels for a long time), and opposed not so much by his amiable, but somewhat helpless, wife herself as by her father, her (in an honourable way) lover, and her companion, Diane de Ganges, a young lady of great beauty, with red hair and green eyes, on whom the wicked Sartilly has designs of another kind. Whether the young lady with the green eyes and the red hair has the character usually assigned to her kind (in real life we have usually found them very agreeable persons) by novelists the reader shall, again, see for himself when he reaches the sanguinary and ingenious catastrophe of *Cœur volant*.

M. Charles Grandmougin, principally if not wholly known hitherto by his verse, has tried in *Contes d'aujourd'hui* (3) whether

(1) *Le connétable de Richemont*. Par E. Cosneau. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Cœur volant*. Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Contes d'aujourd'hui*. Par Charles Grandmougin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

he has the now proverbial knack of poets in prose. The tales are not exactly suitable for prizes in schools for the young of both sexes; but M. Grandmougin has not followed the evil example of his brother poet, M. Silvestre. In most, if not all of them, there is a spice of the supernatural, a Hoffmannish touch, which, though both difficult and dangerous, is not ill applied. The first and longest is, on the whole, the best—first, because of its ironic moral of the danger of young city-bred Frenchmen taking to violent open-air exercise in winter, and secondly, because of the novelty of the principal *donnée*. One of two friends finds (whether in reality or semblance the book shall tell) that his just dead comrade seems to have strangely revived in the shape of a damsel, with whom he, the survivor, is on the best of terms, but who unluckily does not add constancy to her other charms. He stabs her, and in death her features change back again to those of his friend. The adventure is extravagant, but well imagined and told.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IF Mr. Frothingham's *Memoir of William Henry Channing* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) does not sharpen or clarify previous impressions of one of the most interesting and "magnetic" of modern Americans, it is hardly the fault of the biographer. His work is clear and direct in style, judicious in arrangement, and shows both reticence and taste in the use of the abundant material available. The citations from correspondence and diaries, though the latter are perhaps quoted with too much diffuseness, almost invariably add something to the sum total of evidence by which the characteristics of a man may be judged from his own lips. In one important respect this source of testimony supplied the author with less suggestion and revelation than might naturally be expected. Channing's autobiography, says Mr. Frothingham, "was not begun until he was considerably older than sixty, when his memory was blurred and his native disposition to symbolism, allegory, fanciful interpretation was confirmed." And it was "finally arranged" only a few months before his death in 1834. From Mr. Frothingham's account of this record it is easy to imagine, as he says, that "little or nothing can be carried away from it." Something of the same intangible quality that attaches to this autobiography is inseparable from the man himself. It is exceedingly difficult to define at any one period of his busy life his position in the world of thought. To classify him with others, without misgiving or reservations, is wholly impossible. Now it is with Emerson that his spirit is ascendent, and now with Hawthorne. He called himself a Socialist, and in the primitive interpretation of his biographer a Socialist he was; but we may reasonably doubt, despite his interest in the Brook Farm community, if his Socialism possessed a more substantial basis than Hawthorne's, though it was more lasting and enthusiastic. The final chapters of this very interesting volume contain an excellent account of Channing's literary work, and a brief but sympathetic survey of his intellectual gifts and characteristics of temperament.

Mr. Dennett's *Seven Years among the Fjort* (Sampson Low & Co.) comprises the jottings of a trader in the Congo district, with curious and rather miscellaneous notes on the customs and religion of the natives of Loango, Gaboon, and the country north of the Lower Congo. The most interesting portion of the book is the autobiography of Matchita, a prince among the Fjort, whose mother was charged with witchcraft by his father, and failing to survive the ordeal by cassia, was brutally sacrificed. Much information of the methods of trading and the position of traders is given by Mr. Dennett, though the absence of dates leaves us in some doubt as to the precise period of his sojourn. His volume is illustrated by some very realistic sketches of native customs and ceremonies, together with views on the Congo and the Kroo coast after photographs.

The resources and available capital of Ireland are discussed in a practical style by Mr. Robert Dennis in *Industrial Ireland* (Murray). The author regards Ireland as the inheritor of an ample fortune who refuses half of it and starves on the remainder, by which it may be seen his estimate of the industrial forces and natural wealth of the country is not less favourable than his perception of Irish thriftlessness is keen. At the present time, when men are blind to the substance and eager disputants over a shadow, it is not easy to hope that a book so weighty in suggestion, so sound and practical in scope, as Mr. Dennis's may prove a wholesome stimulus. That five-sixths of Irish capital are invested out of the country is a sign of sore distress that needs an obvious remedy, but this withdrawal of capital is equally a result of the insecurity that springs from bad government. No influx of capital can be anticipated until the reign of law and order be re-established. Until this be accomplished it is in vain that the neglect of Irish industries is deplored.

Mr. F. F. Browne's *Bugle-Echoes* (New York: White, Stokes, & Allen) is an attractive, well-printed collection of lyrics illustrative of the Civil War in America, drawn from every possible source, Northern and Southern. It is somewhat singular that one of the most stirring and patriotic of these lays is the work of a man of peace, the "Barbara Frietchie" of Mr. Whittier. Emerson's "Boston Hymn," and an extract from Mr. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," contrast curiously with the more martial songs of the camp and the march, or the vivid actuality of Bret Harte's "John Burns of Gettysburg." Among the songs that

will live none have a truer and deeper lyrical impulse than "Sherman's March to the Sea," by Mr. Byers, and Dr. J. W. Palmer's "Stonewall Jackson's Way." The last has the genuine verve and ring of a soldier's song:—

We see him now—the queue, slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—" Well!
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The new volume of the *Journal of Decorative Art* (Henry Vickers) contains, among other interesting matter, a series of articles on Eaton Hall, illustrated by a number of reproductions after designs executed by Mr. H. S. Marks for the Duke of Westminster. Some original mural designs and decorative ornament for panels, screens, and the like, by Mr. W. Sutherland, are bold and tasteful. These, and a series of floral borders which are effective and agreeable in composition, are admirably reproduced in colour. Altogether, this periodical should prove of service to the student.

Mr. Alfred J. Bethell's *Notes on South African Hunting* (Whittaker & Co.) is a collection of papers reprinted from the *Field* that will interest sportsmen and amuse the general reader. Every one may appreciate the delightful warning given by the author against shooting at night when in camp. You may hit a lion, it is true, when you see a pair of eyes glaring at you; but the rule is in such cases there is a man short in camp next morning.

Unlike some new editions of standard books of reference, the reissue of *Bryan's Dictionary of Printers and Engravers* (Bell & Sons) is accurately and fully revised to date by the editor, Mr. R. E. Graves, and his friendly contributors.

Messrs. Novello & Co.'s "Services of Sacred Song" are admirably adapted to the needs of schools, the training of the young, and the practice of country choirs. The hymn tunes are chiefly supplied from the *Hymnary*, and the illustrative texts are compiled by practised writers, such as Dr. Troutbeck and Archdeacon Farrar.

We have received *Milton's Poetical Works*, in two volumes, of the "Parchment Library" series (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); the sixth volume of *The Contemporary Pulpit* (Swan Sonnenschein); a new edition, with illustrations, of *The Master of Tanagra* (Grevel & Co.); *Andersen's Fairy Tales*, second series, one of the "Classics for Children" (Boston: Ginn & Co.); the fifth volume of *The Reader's Shakespeare* (Walter Smith); *Baby's Birthday Book* (Marcus Ward & Co.); *Hazell's Annual Cyclopaedia* for 1887, considerably enlarged since the last issue; and Herbert Fry's *Royal Guide to the London Charities* (Chatto & Windus).

Praelectiones Anatomiae Universalis. By William Harvey.—In our notice of this book (January 15, 1887) the name of the publishers was by an oversight omitted. It is published by Messrs. J. & A. Churchill, 11 New Burlington Street.

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